

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN."

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER XI. "THE POOR FOOLISH LITTLE THING."

THREE weeks more went by. The captain was still steady correspondent. They had dined with Sir Thomas Rumbold, those "tip-top" people, and the mayor, "now as like Alderman Harty of Cirencester, as one private ever was to another," had asked them all to grand ball. "To which," said the captain, "I hope we shall not go. I do indeed. The fact is, our little woman has been going out a *little too much*, and the doctor came to me the other day to say it would be as well she did not.

"Poor child! it would be hard to disappoint her, for her little heart is set upon it. And do you know, Tillotson, I think she is rather led by the travelling gentleman we picked up on the road. Nothing can be more civil and obliging, and he is always with us, and most attentive. So I think if you were to write her a little lecture, you know, and tell her she must keep herself close, and take care of herself, and not go to parties, it would do a vast deal of good."

Mr. Tillotson smiled as he read this, and he did sit down and write a kind, gentle expostulation in the terms the captain proposed, warning her against the harsh winter, and begging of her to give up those proposed balls and parties. "Of course," he said, as he sealed it, "she will think I have some aim or view in this matter. But it is a duty, nevertheless."

A fortnight passed away again. The mayor, who was so like "Alderman Harty of Cirencester," had given his ball, and it had been long since forgotten, being more than a week old. Others had been given; for, as is well known, none are so "gay" as invalids, and Consumption went round in the valse with Pleurisy. Some even went from the supper-room to the grave. For deaths are very sudden; and there are apparent recoveries and wonderful healthy bloom on the cheeks, all the while life is kept in but by a thin airy net growing finer and finer every hour, and which suddenly bursts at a second's notice. Still the survivors dance on, and say that Nice is a wonderfully "restoring" place,

and that they are mending every day and getting quite strong.

Again came the familiar handwriting of the captain. But it was in a more constrained and laborious style. The sense of boyish and unbounded enjoyment had perhaps begun to wear off. The old officer was sighing for the good English life to which he had been accustomed. It might do very well for a time, perhaps. He seemed to hesitate and be embarrassed as he wrote:

"The fellow-traveller is not as well as we could wish. But she is full of spirits. The fact is, my dear Tillotson, we *had* to go to that ball; the mayor himself came the very day itself to ask us, and one couldn't well refuse, you know. It was a very rough night, and the ice an inch thick upon the ground, and our poor little girl *they made* her go, and when we were going away I went to get the carriage, leaving her at the door with our travelling friend, and only a thin rag of a cloak about her. I couldn't find the carriage—you know what an old Bolshero I am to send out on such a chase—and when we got home she was shivering like an aspen-leaf. I declare to God I could cut my own right hand off, Tillotson. I am such a stupid blundering old fogie that ought to be put up in an hospital. It was all my fault from beginning to end, and that stupid old mayor, who forced her out; for when she got *your* letter, I *do* think she had given it all up. The doctor says it will be nothing *in the end*, and that we must shut her up in a month or two. Which, between you and me and the post, I am not sorry for, as it will do her good. Our travelling friend calls every day, but I am rather stiff and dry to him, as I think it was a good deal *his* doing. Now, my dear fellow, do you think you could manage to get rid of the business for a time, and just take a race over here? *It would set us all right*, and put us on our legs again. Try, now.

"Don't be in the least alarmed, it is only her cough is a little strong, and keeps her awake at nights a little. For Doctor Delorney, or Delahorney—it sounds like that—is a wonderful man, and I *do* think could make a barking dog sleep."

Again came another letter from the captain: "The fellow-traveller is much better, my dear Tillotson; and, do you know, I think you must set me down as little less than an old woman,

for all I have been writing to you. Egad! I believe I am getting an old woman—sometimes, at least. But the foreign doctor, Delahorney—egad! I never can get his name\*—beats everything. We had a doctor in our regiment who, they said, could cure a broken walking-stick; but, my dear fellow, Delahorney beats every one of them out and out.

"Talking of out and out, why can't you come out? The fact is, I'm not equal to the work, or, my dear boy, I'm not the fellow for it. I'm ashamed really to be seen at these fine parties, an old broken-down fogie like me, stumping in on my old shank by the side of a fine fresh young woman. My dear boy, the husband is the proper man; a fine handsome fellow like yourself should be with his wife, and leave the ledgers. I wish to God you heard Doctor Delahorney on that; as good as any parson. He says he has known numbers of fine young fellows cut short in that way, and he says for a man who has overworked himself and wants to get colour back into his cheeks there is no place at all to touch Nice. And I must say he did it as nicely as my lord duke, and bade me give you his compliments. And not health, my dear boy, but it's the *regular* thing; every girl here has her husband with her, and not a shambling old boy like Tom, who's but a poor makeshift, after all.† And to tell you the plain honest truth, my dear fellow, the place is full of young mounseers, gentlemanly fellows enough, but as wild scamps as you ever heard of in the course of your life. Last week, a fellow called the Marquis of Sashey something, went off with a fine tip-top woman, a noble grenadier of a creature, and, egad! when the husband said something to him, he had him out in two hours, and shot him as dead as a rabbit. And, my dear boy, the droll thing is, all the women are dancing with him.

"Our travelling gentleman is very friendly indeed, but I think comes a little too often to the house, and, egad! don't take a hint, you know. And then our little woman seems to be amused with his company. I belong to an old generation, you know, my dear Tillotson, when the fogies had their day, so I am not up to everything that goes on; so I suppose everything is right. But, my dear boy, the way to make everything nice, and smooth, and tidy, and, as Doctor Delahorney says, *would put you on your two legs again*, is to come out yourself at once."

Mr. Tillotson saw behind all this directly. "The old mistake," he said to himself, bitterly. "Poor captain, he lets out the truth at once. She is now in her element. This freedom was what she was pining for."

The organisation of the two offices took up

\* About the time the captain was at Nice there was a Doctor Delaunay enjoying much English practice.

† The reader will see that our captain is struggling by all sorts of circuitous routes to reach some point, which he is too delicate to make for directly.

a great deal of time, but Mr. Tillotson went off hurriedly to his board at once.

"You *have* been working very hard, Tillotson," said Mr. Bowater, "over it. I hope not over-doing it. We must take care *here*," and he tapped his forehead. "To be sure you must go. It is a little inconvenient, no doubt; but we'll work for you. Just wind up within the next two or three days, so as to leave all clear." And Mr. Tillotson set to work eagerly to get all clear, and fixed the third day from thence as the day of his departure. "Poor little soul," he said. "It seems a sad mistake, but she must not suffer for *my* folly. It is a duty for me." He sat up late that night, and yet later the next night. With great labour he had nearly got through his task; and then the secretary came in with yet more, and asked, "Surely, now, did a day make so much difference? And, after all, couldn't he put on the steam when he had once started?"

At last a free man, and with a little light luggage hastily put together, he set off by night, and by a dark night; with that "putting on the steam" alluded to by Mr. Smiles, he need only be two nights on the road. Down they would swoop to Dover, as rapidly swoop across to Calais, and then "tear" wildly through the French country, and as the night gathered in its dark drapery slowly, the pleasant objects of a new land, the fields, the costumes, the men and women, would gradually open on the traveller. For him it was a gloomy night, and a cold one in thought as in temperature. He took no account of the time, and it was with a little surprise that he found that they had stopped in the large blazing station at Dover, and heard that he was to descend here and go on board. He got down mechanically.

There was a great crowd and bustle. It was now found to be a wild raging night, and passengers as they stood at the door and looked out down towards the port, shrank back a little; the wind was whistling, and seemed to bring with it a flavour of the sea. Some thought it better not to "go on," and turned to the great hotel close by. Mr. Tillotson, careless about such a thing, prepared to go down straight to the port.

But another packet had just come in, bringing with it a miserable foretaste of what was in store for those who were going on the sea now. Here was the miserable, battered, cruelly-used herd of passengers staggering up, without strength or life, wet and shrivelled, but still thankful to be on land once more. Some with faces all "washed out," and ghastly with sea-sufferings, came blindly and wildly into the blazing station, and Mr. Tillotson felt a little pity for such miserable beings. And suddenly, as he was waiting to let the stream pass him by and let him out, a figure in a cloak which had a very high stiff collar, with a thin white face peering out, came limping past him, and said half to himself, half aloud, "I wonder where this takes us to, my dear?" For there was a lady behind him, and only one lady, and in that

blaze of light Mr. Tillotson saw she was in deep *new* black. In a second he had seen it all! And the good captain, after a natural start, had his hand in both of his own, with an ejaculation of comfort and pity, that seemed to be drawn from the bottom of his heart.

"God help us all, Tillotson! The poor, *poor* little thing! My old heart is broken!"

#### CHAPTER XII. THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

AFTER this blow, a hopeless gloom settled down on Mr. Tillotson. He shut himself up dismaly. He would see no one. If there were clouds over his hitherto wretched existence, his life now had become lost irretrievably in the blackest night. Mr. Bowater deplored his absence from the bank, or rather his lack of interest in its concerns. "One of our best men," he said, "when he chose to exert himself."

The old feeling had now taken the shape of remorse. "It was my doing," he said, again and again; "all my doing. I have this now on my wretched soul, *with that other*." And in this state, which was not, after all, grief after her who was departed, he continued for several weeks.

No one took this state of things to heart so much as the captain. This trial had, indeed, painfully distressed him; his fine old Roman features seemed to grow sharper every day, and his eyes to get a more wistful "peering" expression. He made many weary journeys to his friend's house, who would see him, however, but seldom. At these interviews he tried all the common forms of consolation, though, to say the truth, the captain was but an indifferent hand where artful solace was required. He himself was, indeed, "cut to the heart," as he often said, by the loss of his "little girl," and after telling his friend that "he vowed to God it was the greatest folly in the world, and surely what was the born use of it? and that if there was any sense in the thing, well and good, and what was it but what we must all come to?" the captain himself would break down, and declare that he was only an old hag, fit there and then for carrying out and covering up under the sod.

Of many evenings, therefore, afterwards, when the interval of many evenings had passed by from that night, the captain sat with his friend, and told him little details of that dismal departure. "I shall reproach myself till I go to my grave," said the brave old officer, hopelessly. "I have no more sense in my head than that old brush-handle, and it'll be the same till I'm laid in my stupid old coffin. But, Tillotson, my boy, I hadn't the heart to refuse her anything. You recollect her little ways."

The old hopeless gloom had settled down on Mr. Tillotson's heart. "You talk," he said, almost passionately, "of self-reproach, my dear uncle. You! But what of *me*! I, that was so cold and heartless, *and failed in my duty!* Poor little soul! And I used to say that she

could not understand *me*! I should have gone with her, and been with her, and not given her up for this wretched, paltry, miserable money-getting! I have this on my soul now, and, I tell you, I am sick and weary, and longing for it all to end."

"No, no, don't say that," said the captain, alarmed. "Now don't—don't. No one could have behaved more handsomely or more delicately, and she owned it, poor little soul! But, you know, she was a child, after all, and had a little of the ways of children, and she couldn't help it, God knows. It wasn't *her* fault."

"You are right," said Mr. Tillotson, bitterly, and walking up and down the room. "I have this on my soul to add to the rest. I tell you, I am a wretched, miserable, guilty being, and deserve any chastisement which I begin to hope will fall on me."

Though the captain was now a little familiar with these bursts, still they alarmed him.

"Now, now," he would say, in expostulation, "don't now, my dear fellow! You know yourself how my heart was in that little child, and I don't think I ever got such a scald as on *that* night. But still it couldn't be helped, and I don't believe there was a cleverer doctor in the universe than that Dr. Delahorne; and you know, Tillotson," added the captain, humbly, "if it was God's will—"

"I know," said he, softly, "you are right. But who did it? Ah! you can't deny it! No. My neglect, my *cold sense of duty*, froze up her heart. I should have gone to her, been with her, broken through all that folly, and fondled her like a child. Time would have done everything; time would have made us forget everything; and time would have taught us much. But I *should* have my wretched pride and my miserable brooding over my pet sorrows, and now I *have* something genuine to feed on for the rest of my days."

"Now this is folly, Tillotson," said the captain, nervously, "and I tell you again, put the whole thing out of your head. Indeed, the poor little soul brought it on herself, as I have told you again and again. And she was a giddy little creature, and d'ye know, Tillotson," added the captain, wistfully, "during those last few weeks something seemed to come over her, and even to me she got very positive and determined—quite a change, you know—and I couldn't make it out; and, d'ye know, after puzzling this old head of mine, I put it all to the account of that travelling fellow we picked up on the road. At last I blundered on it, for a wonder!"

Mr. Tillotson stopped short. "What!" he said, "that gentleman you were always praising?"

"Ah! there's Tom all over for you," said the captain, shaking his head sadly; "he'd pick up any one with a good coat on his back out of the street. I ought to have known better—indeed I ought, an old fogie like me. But you know he was so book-learned, and could talk so finely and so long. Why, he'd have a page out before you or I could manage a sentence, so that it

wasn't surprising he got a sort of influence over her."

"Influence over her?" repeated Mr. Tillotson, mechanically.

The captain had not his eye on his friend at that moment, and went on eager to explain.

"Exactly! The very thing. You know the way young things look up to your tip-top clever fellows, and you know she was very young, Tillotson; and there are very few children's heads can bear compliments and that sort of thing, and this fellow was somehow always coming and going and hanging about the place, and whispering and *cologuering*, and I thought it was a pity, you know, Tillotson, as she was ill, to say anything. But I give you my honour and credit, after I had heard some of those stories about him—"

"Stories?"

"Ah! you may well say that," the captain answered, despondingly. "A nice old fool, Tom, to take charge of a young creature. Before God, I couldn't help it. But I tell you, as soon as I saw the chap he was, I was putting pen to paper to get you over at once. Then came that sudden thing! And, Tillotson, I do believe I never told you this before—that he was a thorough rascal."

Mr. Tillotson again started. "And you never told me all this?" he said reproachfully. "But you meant it for the best."

"Indeed I did," said the captain. "And I tell it you now, not to let it be pressing too much on your spirits; for you had neither hand nor part in it. Indeed, I have long had it on my mind to tell you of it. My dear fellow, you have nothing to charge yourself with. The poor little soul, she was giddy and childish, and could not help it. It was natural she should be said and led by him; for he was an uncommonly fine and dashing and insinuating fellow as you'd ask to see. And, indeed, she wasn't accountable."

Mr. Tillotson looked at him strangely.

"What does all this mean?" he said. "Tell me about it fully. It is right I should know."

"Well, then, my dear friend," said the captain, sadly, "not a word of this should have passed my lips, but that I see you wasting yourself away in this state. We have our duty to the living as well as to the dead, as every person will tell you. My dear friend, the poor little giddy soul, she gave me a deal of worry and anxiety; and she was so foolish—without a bit of harm in her, mind—that *that blackguard* (and the captain grew savage all of a sudden) "took advantage of it. I found out his game afterwards, and the secret of all his civility and attentions; and Tom, like an old Bolshero as he always was and ever will be, so long as he goes on his old lame leg, swallowed it all."

"But," said Mr. Tillotson, eagerly, "she didn't—"

"I am afraid she did," said the captain, mournfully. "I heard afterwards, that he was bragging about that he only wanted a week's more time, and he would have been like the French marquis I was telling you of. Yes;

and I heard that he was showing a letter of hers to some of his friends—a low mean trick that no Englishman—I declare to God when I heard that, Tillotson, I lost all patience with him, and I sent Captain Peters, an old Ninety-fourth man, now on half-pay, with my card, to tell him he was a low scoundrel, and Peters was just the man to give him my very words. And he told him so; and then, sir, he showed the cloven hoof. Talking about meeting an old man—curse him," said the captain, "what did he mean? I was young enough to face him, or any coward like him—and so Peters told him, with great presence of mind. And then, egad! he dropped his tone. I'd have put my ball into him as true as I would have done twenty years ago. I suppose he thought I was some old cripple fit for an hospital, the sneaking impostor! But Peters gave him his mind, and was near making it personal, too; and I'll never forget it to Peters."

"But, my dear friend," said Mr. Tillotson, "you surely did not—"

"No," said the captain, sadly, "he saved us that trouble. Peters went home and had his Joe Mantons all ready oiled, in the most friendly manner; and, indeed, God forgive me, I was thinking of it with great satisfaction, for we had only buried the poor little soul the day before; and I'd have had him in front of my Joe Mantons with great comfort, when he trumped up a story, sir, about a telegraph message, and his mother or grandmother dying. Then I saw what the fellow was. Catch an English gentleman doing that! Why, sir, he'd have let his mother or his grandmother die fifty times over before he'd disgrace himself in that way. Not that I didn't like my mother. God forbid!"

"But she—tell me about her," said Mr. Tillotson. "Is it certain—"

The captain shook his head. "Best let it be as it is," he said. "It wouldn't comfort you to hear. Indeed, God forgive me for saying anything about it. But it's all for your good. I can't see a fine fellow wasting himself away in that style, and not say a word. From what I saw, my dear boy, and knew and found out, I think you have mourned long enough. There's reason in everything. God forgive my old heart for saying a word against the poor thing; but indeed it's right you should know. And now there's the whole truth for you, neither more nor less, and not a word of lie in it; and I mean it for the best, telling you—before Heaven, I do!"

Mr. Tillotson took his hand silently, and wrung it. "Indeed I know that," he said. "Well, there, it all ends then."

"To be sure," said the captain, almost gaily; "and that's right. After all, my dear Tillotson, it's only the poor girls—God help 'em—that have time for moping. Why, look at you. A fine dashing handsome fellow, with the world before you, and plenty of brains (I wish old Tom had a little corner of your head), and by-and-by all this will pass by. Care killed many a cat, my dear boy, and did no good after all."

"We must only try," said his friend. "I am a bad hand at anything like strength of mind or exertion."

"Tut, tut!" said the captain, repeating his old "common form" of consolation. "Is it a fine well-made fellow like you? Why, who knows," said the captain, wistfully and in a sort of reverie, "but we may see you with a family yet growing up about you? And why not? We weren't all made to be moping like prisoners in a jail. And I tell you what, my dear friend, look at me! Look at that foolish old Bolshero Tom, stuck in the mud like an old milestone, stopping the road in everybody's way. Often and often my old father—God rest his soul—said it to me. 'Tom,' says he, 'you'll be sorry for it when you come to my age.' And so I was, faith."

Then the captain fell off in talk about the last moments of her whom he called his "little girl." Several times his friend interrupted him, taking snuff savagely, and using his handkerchief.

"I am no better than an old woman, and should be sent to the poor-house. God forgive me, for an old numskull, that might live a hundred years more and never get sense! To think I hadn't the wit to manage a child like that! But it came on so very sudden, Tillotson; even Miss Diamond and the maid, *they* didn't think anything was coming," added the captain, after a pause. "Poor little soul—poor little soul! She's an angel, maybe, now," he said, with a wistful air of doubt.

Mechanically the other repeated the words after him :

"Poor, poor little soul! And did she say anything—give you any message to me, you know? I dare say," he added, bitterly, "she spoke of me—for gave me, perhaps, for my deseration of her. I should have been with her, indeed!"

"No, no, no!" said the captain, eagerly. "On my word and credit, no! She was speaking of you every minute—wait, she did tell me something to tell you, and I was in an ace of forgetting it. Bosthoon for ever! Yes, about the lawsuit trial."

"O, that was it?" said he, absently.

"Yes, she was very particular about it. Yes, let me see th' exact words now. You were," added the captain, slowly, resolutely, by degrees—"you were to go on with the trial. She begged you'd fight it while there was a shot in the locker: and if you got the day—d'yee see me now, Tillotson?—you were to take care of poor Miss Diamond with it—set her up comfortably, and Martha," added the captain, checking off on his fingers, "and an hospital—something about an hospital for orphans. I'll think of it all to-night in my bed. But you were to fight it while there was a shot left—that was her dying wish. Says she to me, poor child, 'Nunkey,' says she, 'as I did not get what I thought I'd get,' says she, 'I may as well have the purchase-money back again, and do what I like with it.' What d'yee think she meant, Tillotson? Maybe she was

wandering. But those were the words, for I got them by heart."

"No," said he, with a sigh, "she was in her senses indeed. I understand them perfectly, and her wishes shall be carried out to the letter."

At this moment the servant brought in letters, just come by post. Mr. Tillotson looked at them mechanically. "The bank," he said, half bitterly. "They want me back again, I suppose?"

"Then again," said the captain, eagerly, "that might be the salvation of you. I wish I had been bred to business when I was young."

Mr. Tillotson was reading his letters, and gave a little start. "Poor Bowater," he said, "gone too! Death seems to be coming in where—now—even into banks."

#### END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

#### BOOK IV.

##### CHAPTER I. A VISIT FROM MR. TILNEY.

More than six months had passed away since that evening. Mr. Tillotson had gone back with an enforced ardour to the concerns of his bank, and had begun to find in it, if not a fascination, at least a distraction. The death of Mr. Bowater, M.P., our "esteemed and valued chairman," had left "a void in our council almost impossible to fill," so at least said the company's report, couched in terms of deep financial affliction. However, when the day of the half-yearly meeting came round, which it did in a few months, the sorrowing council and officers prepared with great alacrity to replace the loss they had sustained, and there seemed to be a private impression abroad that the new substitute for the lamented chief would be a better man. "We want new blood," said the secretary to director A.B. "Poor old Bowater talked a little too much," said A.B. to C.D. "There was more wind in him than sense," said another on the board. This seemed a little inconsistent with the sorrowing report. But when the day of election came round, it was determined, according to the secretary's phrase, to "run Tillotson" for the place. This might seem a curious selection, for he was indifferent and languid, and only lately had begun to take interest in the concern; but he had many recommendations. He had a great deal of money in the concern; he was a gentleman by birth and connexion, which, strange to say, seemed to have an extraordinary charm for such as had neither; and lastly, he had a "first-class head," could "see into a granite wall," &c. The secretary even quoted some last words of "poor old Bowater when near his end," when that financier was babbling away of *his* green fields, Foncier stock, and the Plata securities, in reference to the management of that Bhootan business. "The Duke of Wellington could not have done it better than Tillotson," was the odd form of praise he used. When the day of meeting came

round, a "glorious dividend" of *eighteen and a half* per cent was waiting for the shareholders, being actually three per cent more than was anticipated; so that, being in a sort of monetary rapture, the company knew not how to show their gratitude to their intelligent directory except by adopting every proposal they made. Mr. Tillotson faintly protested. But, as the captain said, "it would be the making of him," and a blessing sent by Providence, and he could not well resist the pressure put upon him. And so thus Henry Tillotson, Esq., became chairman of the United Foncier Credit Company.

It was found by this time that the premises of the Foncier were hardly magnificent enough for its prosperity. A wine-merchant, next door, had been in difficulties, and with great sagacity the secretary had come to his aid with liberality, taking a mortgage on the premises to "secure the company." In course of time, the wine-merchant having "arranged" with his creditors once or twice, and received all the indulgence to failing trade, finally collapsed, and it became open to the Foncier to secure these desirable premises for a mere song—i.e. twenty-five thousand pounds. Some said that scheming company was always lucky; others said—a dissatisfied shareholder, perhaps—that everybody seemed to think they could have "a pull" at the bank. It was agreed, however, that it *was* a song. In a very short time "middle-age" Jenkinson was called in again; that architect had submitted some gorgeous plans, based on the designs of the Louvre, and very soon—without suspension of business—the workmen were busy, and the scaffoldings were erected, and cream-laid stone, loamy as bride-cake sugar, was being piled up, and the new banking palace soon grew towards completion. In such daring schemes, to say nothing of "pushing on trade," Mr. Tillotson of necessity was forced to take interest, and thus gradually he was being drawn back into things of common life. At his own house at home he lived a solitary and dejected life—sitting alone through the long evenings. He had but few servants in his "fine" house, and among them that Martha Malcolm, who had not left him. That strange gaunt woman had returned home from her mistress's death-bed more gaunt, more silent, more gloomy, and perhaps more blunt and disrespectful than before—things of which Mr. Tillotson took no notice, and which, perhaps, were more in tone with his state of mind, and when encouraged to send her away, said she was a good faithful creature. Miss Diamond remained with the captain, keeping house for him, reading for him sometimes in the evening, busy with a monotonous round of work. But Mr. Tillotson she rarely saw, and never sought; and it seemed, indeed, when she met him, as though she shrank a little, looking at him with a curious suspicious look. Though very often she came to see Martha Malcolm when he was away at the bank; and the two women sat together in the parlour for hours, and perhaps talked over the "little girl" they so loved, and who was

gone from them. But it was known that later she was to go away to France, and give herself up to a religious life.

One of those days, when the chairman was thus away at his bank, with all the papers about a new loan to the Plata Railway—a concern supposed to be getting into rather failing health—before him, a card was brought in—"MR. TILNEY." There were other cards of that gentleman up at Mr. Tillotson's house, for he had called very often, and periodically, too, but without success. Mr. Tillotson was generally at his bank, as he might have known; or Mr. Tilney had the misfortune to find the door opened to him by Martha Malcolm, who confronted him, adhering to the door like an Assyrian figure, and gazing out with the impossibility of such images. She was as unyielding as if she were of stone, and, in truth, rather appalled Mr. Tilney, who retired in some confusion. This morning, however, when he looked half mechanically at the card that was put into his hand, soft memories seemed to rise from it, like a scent from a "box of opened flowers;" and with the scent came also dreamy pictures, and a feeling of peace, and by-and-by one of happiness. The name seemed like a dream. Association, as we know, does so much, and that so mysteriously; and he recalled then—oddly, too—another card of Mr. Tilney's, which he had found on his table long, long before, down at the cathedral town, and on which was written in pencil, "Don't forget us at seven." He put aside the Plata Railway papers, and sent down for his friend.

Mr. Tilney came in with alacrity, but with a face composed to grief. But he was greatly changed; neat and clean as ever in his dress, though old fashioned, and perhaps old, too: yet still there were signs of wear and tear. The tall straight back was beginning to bend, and something about the collar seemed to suggest tightening and bracings to keep together what would otherwise have spread and gone wild. Above all, since that night, there had come a soft "fishy" stare into his eyes, and at times a stiffness round the edges of his lips, and, possibly, a little tremble in his hands.

He was really glad to see his friend. "My dear Tillotson," he said, taking the other's hand into both of his, "I am so glad to see you. I need not tell you how I felt *with* you; how we *all* felt with you."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Tillotson, hastily; "I know that. I have had my troubles since we met last. They come to us all pretty impartially."

He said this without seeing that Mr. Tilney winced a little.

"I believe so," said he. "But you know, my dear friend, what the clergy tell us. Not later than last Sunday, at the CHAPEL ROYAL, sir (I never miss), I heard Dr. McCayenne say, that whom the Lord loved He took care to scourge with a rod of iron. No, it wasn't last Sunday; let me see. Brindley, the bishop, I think;" and in some doubt, Mr. Tilney paused

altogether, to settle the matter inside his own brain.

"I hope they are all well with you?" said Mr. Tillotson, changing the subject. "Mrs. Tilney, and Miss Augusta, and—"

"Perfectly, quite well, thank you, much obliged to you; I shall take care to mention your kind inquiries." (Mr. Tilney always fell into these formalities even in the instance of old friends, when he had not seen them for some time.) "Thanks to Providence, who keeps off the wind from even the lambs, sir, they are doing very well. Though, by the way, no; I had quite forgot. Poor Ada."

Mr. Tillotson started. "Nothing has happened her? She is not—"

Mr. Tilney shook his head gloomily. "We went through a great deal with his poor child. Doctor after doctor, sir. Had 'em all in, one after the other."

"I never heard," said Mr. Tillotson, passionately—"never. They never told me. I have been shut up here. I know nothing of what goes on in the world. But tell me; she is well now?"

"Well," said Mr. Tilney, plaintively; "we may call her well: but you may conceive the time we had of it. Doctor after doctor, I assure you, and the best—Sir John Bellman. A Brougham and a pair of horses always at the door. Shut up myself in the study. But I declare to the Almighty Providence—which blows down every leaf, and every blade of grass, and every single sparrow on the house-top—that I don't grudge it. For she's a true noble girl, sir, and was true to me when I wanted it. I may say Jack Tilney, sir, would have had a headstone over him now but for her. God bless her! and you too, Tillotson. We all went through enough *that night*."

"And what was the cause of all this?" asked Mr. Tillotson, eagerly. "By the way, I am very thoughtless, and think of nothing. This, I know, is your lunch-time;" and he rang the bell.

"O, come, now," said Mr. Tilney, in feeble protest, "this is always the way. We are doing very well as we are. Why, now?—Well, I'll tell you about it." (Biscuits, and a rich and creamy Scotch cake, and sherry, had appeared with the rapidity of pantomime feast.) "You recollect a man that used to be with us a good deal, in and out, you know, up-stairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's what d'ye call it?—"

"Ross—Mr. Ross. Perfectly."

"Ah, to be sure. Well, *there* it was, you see. The up and down state of things, now this way, now that, had a good deal to do with it. (You follow me, don't you?) I'm afraid, a bad fellow at bottom, with some fine impulses. Yes, Tillotson, some fine impulses; not *radically* bad—"

"But how?" said Mr. Tillotson, hesitating.

"Well, this how," said Mr. Tilney. "Since he went away—"

"Why, he has gone?"

"O, God bless me, yes; to be sure," said

Mr. Tilney. "Recently at Gibraltar, you know, with his regiment, the Buffs. Fine corps as ever you saw. I knew some of 'em long ago, when Lord Bob Hervey (they used to call him 'Kettle Blower,' about which a long story, sir) and a lot more were in it. It's gone to the bad now, I believe."

"And so he has left the country?" said Mr. Tillotson.

"And as you may conceive, Tillotson, the worst accounts. Got among the Jews out there. Glad enough these rogues to discount any rotten stick of a chance he may have. Though, my dear friend, I should hardly speak of it before *you*. And it is very hard between the two, you one—"

"Don't mind," said Mr. Tillotson; "it's sure to be his. When my poor wife was alive, I always considered it a little hobby of hers. Now, of course, I can say little, except, indeed, that she had some last wishes in reference to it, so I must go on with it, though merely for *that* reason."

"Ah! to be sure," said Mr. Tilney. "We heard from him only two days ago. The strangest letter, I declare, Tillotson. I think he's a little wrong *here*, you know. The idea of a man getting into a fury on paper, and with a pen in his hand. Wants money," added Mr. Tilney, taking out the letter; "and really, now, after his behaviour, if I were to tell you the story, Tillotson, it would make your hair stand up straight with horror. A family thus matured him, Tillotson, and even fed him, I may say; it was very shocking."

"Indeed, I can make no excuse for him," said Mr. Tillotson. "Indeed, I do not understand him. To me he has some unaccountable antipathy. God knows, I never did anything to him."

"Precisely; and what I have always said. No one could behave handsomer; I must say that for you. Now, just read that, and see what you think of it. He knows well enough we have nothing to spare, and yet—"

Mr. Tillotson, strangely taking an interest in everything that indirectly even concerned that family, read eagerly:

"New Barracks, Gibraltar."

(It began abruptly, and was addressed to Ada Millwood.)

"I wish you would try and answer my letters, or get them to answer them, more regularly. It puts double the trouble on me, to be writing the same twice over; so try and be careful, will you, this time."

"I suppose you are all going on in the same old round, Mrs. T. trying hard with the cobwebs (*she'll* understand me), to get them round the legs of some unlucky poor devil of a soldier, who some way walks off in the end—and well for him, too. He doesn't know the loss he has had in Augusta, and her sister—fine domestic creatures, well suited for ordering dinner and bringing up children. Mrs. T. has trained them well; and when she lies down for the last time

(which, of course, I hope is a long while off) she will be able to say to herself, 'Well done, thou good and faithful,' &c. (you know the rest of it), being a good girl, and properly brought up.

"That reminds me of the *amiable* and *gentle* Tillotson. So he is alone again in the wide world! But I give you notice, don't let him be whining to me about his lonely state, broken-hearted, and all that. I shan't listen to a single word. I am glad, now, it has all come to him, and for a reason that you won't suspect. I am glad there is no woman in the matter, so we can have done with maudlin. If you were to write four crossed pages every mail, and whine at me again and again in every line, it would be no good. 'Think of his sorrow,' 'your own delicacy at such a moment.' At such a moment! Exactly—such a moment is just the one I would choose. You'd see how they'd hunt him in the House of Lords; and I hope to Heaven he'll have the pluck to go there, and that his infernal old bank will not break about his ears until this is over; and if it does, I'd almost lend him the money to go on. And I'd advise you, my delicate young girl, to give over trying on the nun and the sweet intercessor, for I shall just do the opposite.

"Perhaps you pray for him every morning in your prayers.

"And now that our sad and mournful friend is a widower, you know, you ought to go and pray with him.

"I wonder I give myself the bother of writing all this stuff. I don't care one curse. 'How shocking!' old Mrs. T. will say; and the two unsuccessful spinsters, 'Such ribaldry, mammal!' But if Captain Skyrocket said it, wouldn't it be 'so funny' and so 'shocking' but in quite another sense. So I say again, I don't care one curse what any one of the lot thinks. But I shall always take my own way, and do just as I like, and not be dictated by sneaks, male or female.

"Perhaps you'd like to have a little news about myself? With all my heart. I am very much in want of cash; so please have it made out for me. It's infernal the way they harass and persecute me. Won't let me keep my head above water; hunting me like a rat. I declare to you, at times I wish to Heaven I was a rat, and could go and make for some hole under the shore, where I could never be heard of again. It's a shame and a disgrace that a man like me, with a fine fortune coming to him, and as good as his own, and secured to him by two courts, should be hunted and worried like a cur dog by an infernal troop of Moors and Jews. Tell them, do, to make me out some money. You can manage it yourself. You can whine somebody out of it. If you don't, by Heaven! I'll come over and do it myself.

"I can tell you, they treat me well here; better than in your infernal England. The old governor and his wife have me at their place every second day, and old Shortall, who has a daughter too, is precious civil. So, you see, there are Mrs. Tilneys everywhere. I wish you saw

the governor's daughter, a very pretty *little* thing, not one of your potwolloping girls—a nice creature—portable, that you could put up in your hatbox. Of course they've heard of my property; but she is *very* fond of me, and shows it, by Heavens. She has ten thousand from the old gov., and, if I chose, I could have her tomorrow, and if I choose, I shall. You talk of 'delicacy' and whining bilious fellows; but I can tell you, she did as delicate a thing last week—that I might have starved and rotted before any one in England would have thought of doing. She knew I wanted money, poor little darling—'Gracey' they call her. However, it's a long story.

"Now work yourself, and try and do some good. Life don't consist in looking angelic, recollect. You can work it out somewhere, if you choose. There is a mail a couple of days after you get this."

Such was the extraordinary letter read by Mr. Tillotson, which seemed to be one written by a madman, or at least after the influence of drink. And yet he felt no indignation at the contemptuous mention of himself: he rather understood and pitied. "He is harassed and persecuted," he said to his friend, "and hardly knows what he writes." Another feeling, too, was present to him, and covered the whole letter, as it were, with a cloud of gold. The picture of that gentle girl, suffering, persecuted by the worldlings among whom she was compelled to live, with no sympathy for her sickness.

"*That's* a pretty epistle for a gentleman to write," said Mr. Tilney, tranquilly—"a man brought up at a college. And all, sir, addressed to a poor helpless girl, that has not a friend upon this wide earth," added he, motioning mournfully with a very full glass of sherry, as if it were the wide planet to which he alluded, "that cannot give him back his own—or—or—call him out, and that has a peck of troubles of her own upon her hands."

Again Mr. Tillotson became eagerly interested. "Not serious ones, surely?"

"Depends, depends," said Mr. Tilney, shaking. "It all comes from nature. *She's* sensitive, highly sensitive. The girls and Mrs. T. try us all very much. Between you and me, they don't quite take to her, you know; in fact," added Mr. Tilney, suddenly, "make her life a perfect hell upon earth."

The other started.

"Yes," said Mr. Tilney, now in hopeless gloom, "it comes to us all, peasant and baronet, land-steward and peer o' the realm. The great Creator distributes it all much of a much. I begin to sigh for quiet and a nook of my own. They are always in a racket at home, struggling after this and that. And with the old luck, Tillotson. There's young McKerchie on now—a low young Scotch fellow in a regiment; father makes the Kidderminster things, I believe. But Mrs. T. says that's all right *now*. Money, you know, is the thing now, not blood and breeding, as it was in my day. And yet I think the fellow

is going to play them a trick. Mark my words, he will. I am very glad to see you; indeed I am. I am getting old and tired, Tillotson. Did you ever feel *that*?—as if you could never rest yourself enough. Just drop in on us when you have time; it will be a charity. Out at Kensington, you know. Better leave you a card. There! God Almighty, in His infinite mercy, bless and protect you, and reward you."

### ORANGE AND RIBBON.

Not to speak of the common hereditary maladies which for so long have preyed on the feeble constitution of Ireland, and which other countries more robust have expelled from their own systems, her miserable health is further endangered by two extraordinary diseases, in themselves enough to keep any nation in a permanent state of suffering. These two plagues are called Orangeism and Ribbonism. Anything more savage, rude, barbarous, Corsican, and unworthy of a civilised country, cannot be well conceived. Yet their presence may be reasonably explained, as arising naturally in a country where two religions are, as it were, tied together at the waist, like the two Danish combatants, and who were left to struggle against each other with knives. One gladiator was the rich Protestant of station and rank, but whose number was few; the other the Catholic plebeian, weak as to wealth and intelligence, but strong as to numbers. The battle was unequal. By the aid of penal laws, confiscations, and oppression, the plebeian was flung at the feet of the victorious Protestant. But though supremacy was secured, there was a bitter feeling of resistance underneath; and the conquerors felt that they could not rely for protection on the satisfactory result of a crushed rebellion. A more permanent safeguard was a sort of league among themselves, for making their small body more compact, and for enforcing the subjection of the conquered party, even in matters of detail. Some such principle was the beginning of the Orange Society.

Just before the great Irish Rebellion broke out, the Protestant yeomen of the north, always well armed, well cared for, and well trained in militia regiments, affected to be in terror of the wretched minority of the other religion, who were scattered among them. They took on themselves the duties of a sort of committee of vigilance, and undertook to keep that part of the country "quiet." This was done by forming themselves into bands who went over the country "visiting" Catholic houses early in the morning, and driving out the unfortunate and helpless tenants whom they suspected. This system—utterly unchecked by any responsibility beyond the "loyalty" of the administrators—gradually enlarged until they became known as "The Peep o' Day Boys," a name commonly supposed to belong to a party of quite opposite principles. The miseries of this wholesale terrorism is described as almost unendurable. Other names,

by which they came to be known were "The Protestant Boys," "Wreckers," and the like. Being so successful in their proceedings, they determined to enlarge their procedure, and drive out all the Papists wholesale. A respectable Quaker who had lived through all these doings, well recollects how often fifteen and sixteen houses would be "wrecked" in a night, and how he had seen the roads covered with flying hordes of half-naked, famished, frantic Irish, who were thus hunted through the country. As the rebellion ripened, these unfortunates at last turned on their persecutors. In 1795 came the famous "Battle of the Diamond," which lasted several days, and which was but an anticipation of the late Belfast riots. It was a savage street fight; but its triumph has been sung in a very stirring Orange ballad, and its glories were toasted at an election dinner so late as 1837.

At last it was felt that the system only wanted a little organisation, and on the 21st of September, 1795, the FIRST ORANGE LODGE was formed, at the house of one Sloan. It began to spread almost at once. Lodges sprang up all over the country. A grand central lodge was constituted at Dublin in 1800. It was founded on exaggerated protestations of loyalty, almost suspicious in their ardour. But, if looked at closely, it will be found that the Orangeman's loyalty is always conditional, and to be secured only at the price of Ascendancy. Their early rules betray this, when there was a deal of violent swearing to support and pay allegiance to the king and his successors, *so long as he or they support Protestant Ascendancy*; and it is said there was added a secret declaration, "and that I will exterminate the Catholics of Ireland so far as lies in my power."

It then spread to England, to London, Manchester, and all the leading towns, with extraordinary success; but from the year 1813 it began to decay sensibly. In the year 1827, however, on the eve of the great question of Emancipation, it enjoyed a glorious revival. It was then entirely reorganised. Its rules were revised. The awkward oath of conditional allegiance was withdrawn. Instead, there was much swearing "to support the true religion, as by law established." Then the qualities of a model Orangeman were set forth with much complacency, in the style of the old "characters." He was to be full of "faith, piety, courtesy, and compassion;" "sober, honest, wise, and prudent;" to love "rational society, and hate swearing." On these principles it received august patronage. Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, became Grand Master; the Bishop of Salisbury became "Grand Chaplain;" and an immense roll of distinguished noblemen, bishops, and conservative squires, filled the other "grand" offices.

The Royal Prince was not merely ornamental, but a most active and stirring president. He seems to have been constantly filling up warrants, and encouraging a spirit of propagandism in all directions. He sent out emissaries to

the Canadas, Ionian Islands, and colonies of all sorts, who laboured in the vineyard with surprising success. Their zeal actually carried them so far as to tamper with the military, and in some thirty or forty regiments "lodges" were formed, in which the soldiers made speeches, and drank, and swore to exterminate their comrades of the obnoxious religion. In vain the colonels protested against a system so subversive of all good discipline. The eager emissaries went on with their labour, and the Royal Grand Master filled in warrant after warrant for constituting fresh military lodges. At last the authorities interfered. Ernest himself was called to account, and after some awkward denials, which looked very like shuffling, was compelled to withdraw this portion of the system.

The organisation seems to have been borrowed from the Freemasons. Any persons or any number of persons can form a "private lodge," by forwarding their names and a guinea to the grand lodge. All the private lodges in a county elect members to the "district lodges." The district lodges elect six members to the county lodges, and the county lodges elect to the grand central. Three and sixpence used to be the moderate annual subscription of a private lodge. A public-house was generally the appropriate venue for the rites of inauguration or discussion of the important concerns of the fraternity; and prayer introduced and terminated the pious proceedings.

Under this happy dispensation the system flourished. Twenty-five years ago it could boast of fifteen hundred private lodges and over two hundred thousand members. Some thirty years ago they defined themselves to be "a society banded together against the destroyers and corrupters of God's word, and opposed by a bigoted and malignant faction, always our inveterate foes and the unrelenting opponents of true religion." This wholesome spirit was further encouraged by inflammatory songs, with which the members stimulated their drooping hopes. There are published song-books which contain the old chaster lyrics of the "Boyne Water" and "Croppies, lie down;" but there is a more stirring sort, in which "Keeping Powder Dry" is specially insisted on. Here is one of the right kind:

#### A LOYAL SONG.

My lads, pray attend to the voice of a friend,  
Whilst I give you a history true,  
For a loyalist fit, sure your taste it must hit,  
For 'tis trimmed up with orange and blue.

Tol de lol.

For since Reformation enlighten'd the nation,  
And to Popery gave the first blow,  
Their hatred and spleen were in bigotry seen,  
'Gainst our lives and religion to flow.

Tol de lol.

At their relics he laugh'd, he despised their priest-craft,

Their religion, he said, was a trick,  
Confession a joke, absolution a cloak,  
So he pitch'd them wholesale to old Nick.

Tol de lol.

I'll give you a toast, 'tis my pride and my boast,  
May the Protestant interest stand,  
In spite of all evil, the French and the devil,  
And flourish in peace o'er the land.

Tol de lol.

May William's good cause, and William's good laws,  
These traitors and rebels to quell,  
Be established once more, and upon the old score,  
And Rebellion shall vanish to hell.

Tol de lol.

But at this moment Orange prospects are anything but bright. Men of all parties and creeds, who love order and justice and have common sense, have joined to put Orangemen down. From the year 'thirty-five, when they had to suffer the indignity of being put on their trial in a parliamentary inquiry, they have met nothing but rebuffs. They have fallen on evil days. The only satisfaction left is firing a few shots on a loved anniversary, and walking in surreptitious procession on the great July days. Acts of parliament have been passed specially to pare their claws. The heaviest blow was reserved for the year 1858, when the government refused to appoint any one a magistrate who was known to belong to the society. A deputation of brethren waited on the late Lord Palmerston to protest, who told them "that they belonged to the middle ages," and with an amused air asked for what object they existed? A Conservative peer answered gravely, "For self-defence, my lord." Lord Palmerston replied, that the laws of the country would provide for that, and that they need be under no uneasiness. But the cruellest stroke came from Lord Derby, who pronounced the whole association to be one of the miseries of Ireland.

Let us now turn to the pendant to this strange society, which is to be found low down, among the ignorant and less civilised classes. Both societies may be fairly put on a level, and there can be no question but that the barbarous intolerance of the one produced the savage and Indian ferocity of the other.

The Ribbon Society is of modern date, and succeeded a whole tribe of secret societies, including the notorious Whiteboys, whose lawless proceedings, it was found, could not be reached by the ordinary statute or common law, and who were paid the honour of having a special act of parliament passed to suppress them. They are the most modern of lawless societies, excepting, of course, that now famous Fenian Association, with which we have recently become familiar. But they are all, in truth, the one society under different names: the Whiteboys being succeeded by "Thrashers," "Carders," "Steelboys," "Terry Alts," "Molly McGuires," "Phenixites," and many more.

The lowest officer in the Ribbon Society is the "Body Master," next to him comes the "Parish Master," whose title shows the extent of his jurisdiction, and after him the "County Delegate," who is of the secret council of the whole society. The "body" is merely the same as the "lodge" among the Orangemen,

and each "body" consists of about fifty members. A "body-meeting" is held every month at some low public-house—following strictly the Orange precedent—and there the members interchange complaints and grievances, and the necessity of "business." If there be any serious work that requires prompt redress, the "body-master" reports it specially to the "parish master," who does the same to the "county delegate," who thereupon in his discretion issues "summons" addressed to a new class—to a distinct department—namely, to the "jurymen" of the district, who are enrolled to the number of some fourteen or so. This dreadful council of twelve "sit" on the unfortunate landowner, who has been driven to take legal remedies for the recovery of his rent. They decide, as such men may be supposed to decide, and actually *name* the person or persons by whom the plan is to be carried out. In the case of a murder, it is usual to select some distant county in Ireland; and the "jurymen" of that county, on receiving notice, name the executioner. From this nomination there is no appeal. The object of this remote selection is, of course, to lessen the chances of discovery.

The method of procuring members is generally this. An emissary visits the parish, meets the young men of the village in an obscure taproom of the "public" of the place, and reads out "sensation" details concerning "evictions," "heart-rending oppression," "widows and orphans turned out on the roadside," and the like. This brings their minds into a suitable tone for being worked on, and very soon, the next meeting of the society being at hand, a number of postulants are ready to be enrolled. This is done with a sort of squalid solemnity in the peaty atmosphere of the "shebeen." They are introduced one by one and blindfolded. This is meant to be typical of that unreasoning obedience which is required from all members. The new brother is put in the centre of a circle, the members joining hands all round; his hands are laid upon a prayer-book; and he is required to repeat in a loud voice the following form :

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

"I, A. B. do swear in the presence of these my brotherly members, and on the contents of this holy book, the cross of Christ, that I will, by every means in my power, aid and assist the French, or any other Catholic power that is endeavouring to free us from the bonds of tyrannical slavery and the oppression of unjust laws; that I will be ready at a moment's warning, sickness or death alone preventing me, to take up the cause of an oppressed brother, knowing or believing him to be such; and that I will obey, without murmuring, all orders received from a county delegate, parish, or body master; and that I will silently abide by any decision of the jurymen of my parish, either in a dispute with a brother, or, if it be necessary, in the destruction of life or property, or other punishment of transgressors against honour, law, and justice; that I will allow neither father, mother, sister, nor brother to come between me and the carrying out of our glorious Ribbon system into final and immediate execution; that I will spare neither person nor property of the bloody heretics,

but more especially those who feed upon the tenth part of our labour. I further swear that I will never appear before judge or jury to prosecute a brother, knowing him to be such; and that *neither torture, death, nor execution shall ever make me divulge the slightest atom of the plans and secrets intrusted to me*, to any magistrate or other person, not within the pale of this our glorious institution, though *I were to be hung in chains and dried in the sun*; and that I will never write or inscribe upon any paper or parchment, or other substance or thing, any word, letter, sign, or token, by which the secrets of our society could transpire or become known; that I will never admit, with my knowledge, any person into this grand design except a Catholic, or some worthy Protestant who is well known to stick to us, and who regularly subscribes to the committee. I further swear, that I will myself subscribe ten pence per quarter, if not more, according to my circumstances, to this committee or others, towards the support of the objects of this our immortal institution. I further swear, that I will keep a close eye upon all hypocritical Catholic magistrates, and report to my county delegate, parish, or body master, their conduct at Petty Sessions and elsewhere, as may come within my knowledge. And I take this oath, in all its parts, without any mental reservation whatever, and with a full and unwavering determination to keep the same. So help me God."

The reader will be dimly amused by the attempt at grand solemnity and "tall" verbiage in this composition, and especially by the determined resolution not to betray the secrets of the society, "*though I were to be hung in chains and dried in the sun*."

After all the candidates are admitted, "business" begins, which consists in furnishing "passwords" for the quarter; and it becomes characteristic to remark this special feature of all Irish illegal organisations, the truly Celtic hankering after military terms, drilling, and the mere showman's part of the business; which masquerading has almost invariably helped to shipwreck the institution. These passwords are changed regularly. Every parish master is bound to pay a fee of half-a-crown to the county delegate on receipt of the new passwords, and sixpence on the entrance of every new member. The new member pays two shillings, one and sixpence of which goes to form a fund for the defence of unhappy members who have fallen into the hands of the law, and to purchase the guns and ammunition with which their bloody resolves are carried out. The passwords are generally in the shape of some unmeaning string of question and answer, taking, perhaps, the following shape, which is a true copy.\*

*Question.* God save you.

*Answer.* And you likewise.

*Q.* This is a fine day.

*A.* It is, but there's a better coming.

*Q.* Where are you going?

*A.* To Belfast, agra.

*Q.* What to do there?

*A.* To receive friendship.

*Q.* This is a bad road?

*A.* Yes, but it will soon be repaired.

\* Obtained from a police officer of large experience, given in the Dublin University Magazine.

- Q. With what sort of stones?  
 A. With Protestant bones.  
 Q. Do you know your letters?  
 A. To be sure I do.  
 Q. Say them.  
 A. A. G. I. M. (A Great Irish Massacre.)  
 Q. What is your motto?  
 A. Once it was L. E. F. (Lord Edward Fitzgerald); now it is R. O. (Ribbon Order).  
 Q. Have you any more?  
 A. I have.  
 Q. Whose son are you?  
 A. Graniawale's.  
 Q. What height are you?  
 A. High as Patrick's steeple.  
 Q. What height is that?  
 A. Higher than St. Paul's.  
 Q. Then express the word.  
 A. Go on, I tell you.  
 (Give the first finger of the right hand.)  
 (Give the two first fingers of the left hand.)

The most dreadful portion of this oath is the part that refers to not allowing father or mother, sister or brother, to stand between the member and the duty of carrying out his orders. There have been instances of a struggle almost heartrending, where the barbarous office has been delegated to the betrothed of a young girl whose father had been marked for slaughter. The young man was ferociously reminded of his oath, and cautioned that he had already, by his simple remonstrance, broken it. He is said to have lost his reason in the struggle.

Like its model, the Orange lodge, the Ribbon Society has *its* unlawful finery. Mankind, once formed into a society, whether it take the shape of Oddfellow, Forester, committee-man of a great exhibition, or steward of a concert, must have its badge, dress, or decoration. The Ribbon officer, therefore, has his green scarf; his collar and belt edged with scarlet, and embroidered in white with crosses or harps with seven strings; a large band; and Hibernia (poor soul!) separated from the *crowned harp*.

In this way is an unhappy land—"Truly a fayre and beautiful country," said Speuser,—torn to pieces by her own children. And the well-known cries of loyalty, order, equality, toleration, justice, freedom, but, above all, Religion (in whose name so many enormities are perpetrated), are prostituted to the bad passions of these miserable party societies, whose watchwords are hatred and ill will.

#### "DEO. OPT. MAX."

Arr thou drowsy, dull, indifferent,  
 Folder of the hands,  
 Dreaming o'er the silent falling  
 Of life's measured sands?  
 Living without aim or motion,  
 Save thyself to please,  
 Careless as the beasts that perish,  
 Sitting at thine ease?  
 Not for thee the mighty message  
 Rings in startling tone;  
 Vainly would its pealing accents  
 Strike through hearts of stone.

Sounding o'er the clash and clatter  
 Of this earth's vain din,  
 Unto you, that live in earnest,  
 And that work to win,

Thus it speaks: "Aspirants, tollers  
 For some lofty gain,  
 See ye spend not strength and spirits,  
 Hope and faith, in vain!"  
 "All that soars past Self is noble—  
 Every upward aim—  
 Make it nobler yet—the noblest!  
 An immortal fame!"

"Let not good or great content ye—  
 Higher and still higher,  
 Only for the best, the greatest,  
 Labour and aspire!"  
 "Sturning all that's partial, doubtful,  
 All your vigour bend  
 (Worthiest aim and worthiest effort)  
 To a perfect end!"

"Thus have all true saints before ye,  
 All true heroes striven,  
 Reaching for the best, the highest,  
 Beyond earth to heaven."

#### GALLEY-SLAVE No. 9999.

"You are going to Toulon!" exclaimed my neighbour, the avocat, with some surprise.

"I am going there, because I cannot help passing it, unless I take steamer from Genoa to Marseilles; which would not be the way to see much of the country."

"You will perhaps, then, pay a visit to the Bagne, the only one now existing in France?"

"I shall try; although it must be a painful sight. But I find no phase of humanity uninteresting."

"I will give you a letter to a *forçat* (convict) there."

"A letter to a galley-slave?"

"Yes. He is a person in whom I take great interest. It may be as well not to give you any written communication to the man himself, as it would put you to the trouble of getting it read and passed by the prison authorities, and others perhaps, previous to presentation; but I will put you in the way of getting at him and speaking to him. You shall be introduced to one of his patrons, an adjoint of the mayor."

"But I am already promised an introduction to the Préfet Maritime."

"Capital! With that backing the one I shall give you, you will be able to perform an act of charity. It will be a good deed on your part. Only put yourself in his place—"

"Much obliged."

"And think how gratified *you* would feel at receiving a friendly visit from without."

"Is he one of your clients, this worthy *forçat*? One of the innocents whom your potent eloquence has failed to whitewash?"

"No. I did not defend him, although the prisoner *was* well defended."

"And the resulting verdict?"

"Guilty, with extenuating circumstances.  
The sentence, Hard labour for life."

"And the crime?"

"In the first place, it is doubtful to me whether a crime was committed; secondly, if a crime there was, I believe the prisoner innocent of it. There might have been a crime; but he was not the guilty party. The imputed offence was fratricide."

"He has therefore at least escaped the guillotine."

"Yes; and, through the mitigation of our law's severity, he was also spared the branding on the shoulder with the letters T. F. P., 'Travaux Forcés à Perpetuité.' But in this very place where we are now walking up and down, and which you have called our town's unroofed saloon, he was subjected to an infliction now also abolished, namely, an hour's public exposure on a scaffold, as infamous, fratricide, and civilly dead."

"And probably hooted and insulted accordingly?"

"Exactly the contrary. The propriety of his attitude and behaviour, coinciding with the general belief of his innocence and pity for his consequently cruel position, gained him universal sympathy. Instead of harsh words, or worse, a collection of money was made on the spot, to procure him comforts during his journey to the place of punishment."

"But what was the cause of this discrepancy between the popular feeling and the jury's verdict?"

"Well; the case is difficult as well as curious, and still remains in some measure mysterious. You are aware of the innumerable and bitter disputes occasioned in France by the minute division of property. For a square foot of ground, for half a tree, for a crumbling mud wall, for a creaking bit of furniture, sometimes even for a few pots and pans or half-worn clothes, families will fall into variance. This was another instance of quarrel caused by a trumpery inheritance unfairly appropriated. Alexandre Fourrier and his elder brother, Pierre François, each believed that the other had got more than his share, and consequently indulged in very unbrotherly expressions of feeling. François was even heard to use words threatening his brother's life. 'Mind what you are about,' he said. 'Je te tue; I'll kill you.'"

"That was very bad."

"Yes and No. Hard words break no bones. Hot-tempered people, under provocation, often say more than they have the slightest intention of meaning. Listen to the compliments often interchanged between husband and wife amongst our lower classes, and then see how they make it up afterwards. Parents, even with you, sometimes tell their children they will break their necks; and yet they do not break them the more for that. I hold that François's 'je te tue' was not a bit more serious in its real purport."

"It would, nevertheless, have an ugly look when proved in evidence."

"True; and could François have foreseen the consequences, he would have curbed his temper and held his tongue. Had he really intended to commit the murder, he would have refrained from announcing that intention."

"At least, it was a great imprudence."

"Doubtless, as was proved by the event. The other fearing, or pretending to fear, that his life was in danger, procured a pistol, which he constantly carried, loaded, in his pocket. One evening he was found lying in a field, close to a half-open gate, bleeding to death from a wound in the hip. The pistol in his pocket was discharged. Carried into the house, the only articulate and intelligible words which he uttered before expiring were 'Cochon de frère!'—'Pig of a brother!' Those words were the cause of François's condemnation."

"And well they might be."

"They might merely be the delirious expression of his habitual train of thought. There were marks of footprints brought as evidence against François. His counsel insisted that the shoes in question should be tried on the father, who refused. They were tried on by force, and found to fit him perfectly. After François's condemnation there came out very grave charges against the father, a man of fierce passions and moody temper. The whole family were thrown into prison—father, mother, sisters and all. I hold that, for his mother's sake, François had said nothing against his father. I believe him to have been a martyr, sacrificing himself and letting matters take their course on her account. The father hung himself in prison."

"Very strange that, if he had done no wrong."

"The family were immediately set at liberty. The father's suicide was construed into a confession of guilt. From that moment everybody believed in the innocence of the convicted prisoner. It is certain that if the suicide had preceeded instead of following the condemnation, it would have been productive of the same benefit to the convict as it was to the rest of the family. But it happened too late. Judgment had been pronounced, and could not be reversed. He was first sent to Brest, where he figured under the singular No. of 333,550. He is now, as I have told you, at Toulon. By great exertions his sentence has been remitted from hard labour for life to a limited period—an immense alleviation. But he has still four years to remain in confinement. We are trying further to diminish that. As to the labour, he has been relieved of it by being classed with the 'incurables.' See him at Toulon. Your visit may possibly do good."

Before starting, Fourrier's mother and sister, apprised of my intention, came to meet me at the avocat's house. The first, a hale, apple-cheeked old woman, could hardly speak for emotion; but, without asking leave, kissed me affectionately, as if I were her child himself. The sister, a tidy, middle-aged, hard-working woman, burst into tears as soon as she entered the room, seized my hand, and stammered out as

well as she could, "You will try and see my brother, then?"

"Yes; I will endeavour to speak to him."

"Oh, then, give him this from me," again squeezing my hand. "Tell him to try and live for four years longer. Tell him that we only live in the hope of seeing him back again."

A flight by rail to the foot of Mont Cenis; a tramp on foot over Mont Cenis; another railway flight from Susa to Turin and Genoa; a scramble along the Corniche from Genoa to Nice, sometimes on foot, sometimes on wheels, with the blue Mediterranean on the left, and olive-clad mountains to the right, all the way along; and again by rail from Nice to Toulon—the whole of this distance had to be traversed and, to confess the truth, enjoyed; but they are foreign to my present narrative, except as taking me to Toulon.

Often, however, my enjoyment was dashed with the recollection of the task that lay before me. Often, without even shutting my eyes, I could see the mother's attitude of helpless grief, and the careworn face of the more impulsive sister. Often I wished I had had nothing to do with the business. What a fool I, a foreigner, had been to undertake to confront official formalities and impediments, sure to be tiresome, perhaps unpleasant.

At the fourth station from Toulon, reckoning eastward, a village, Solliès-Pont, is pointed out, severely ravaged by cholera, brought, my informant assures me, by that river—that quick-running stream of water there.

"Surely not," I observed in surprise. "The stream would rather tend to keep disease away. The stream, no doubt, was running and the cholera raging at the same place and the same time; but one was hardly the cause of the other."

"Oh yes it was; else it wouldn't have been so bad. The living were insufficient to bury the dead. They were obliged to get volunteer forcés from the Bagné to come and dig the graves and put the corpses in. They behaved very well indeed, those forcés did. Not a bit afraid. And they touched nothing—did not take the value of a pin—would not even go through a vineyard without somebody to bear witness that they refrained from gathering the grapes. The préfet complimented them in a handsome speech, praising them highly, and holding out hopes of mitigation of their sentences."

"Good! I am glad of that," I said. And then the thought occurred that poor Fourrier could be none the better for the circumstance. The favour intended by making him "incurable" would, at the same time, cut him off from all opportunity of proving his desire to be useful to society. It would be a too glaring inconsistency to allow a prisoner, privileged with indulgences on the ground of bodily infirmity, to go and merit further advantages by performing the terrible duty of interring corpses infected with cholera.

That walking over Mont Cenis and along the Italian coast has somewhat shabbified my travelling attire. I had not bargained—no tourist does—for dust, drenching rain, and scorching sunshine. I had had, however, a taste of each. At Toulon, with the letters I have to deliver and receive, there is no choice but to go to the best, that is, the most expensive, hotel. And, while performing the part of rolling-stone, I have gathered no moss by the way as yet. My cash-bag is growing beautifully less. I know no banker in Toulon, and no banker knows me; and I have to get back again as well as I had to get here. A new suit of clothes, therefore, is out of the question. I shall do very well as I am. My hat, too, is quite passable, only the edge of the top of the chimney-pot shows a slight wound on its epidermis. Nobody in the streets will see it; if they do, no matter. While making a call, I can hold it in such a way as to hide the blemish. Fresh gloves and my Sunday shoes will make a perfectly presentable morning costume. *Bien ganté et bien chaussé, on va partout.* Any evening invitation must, perchance, be declined.

Toulon is generally a busy place, full of all sorts of strangers, illustrious and otherwise. I am put into a first-floor front of the hotel, a chamber for generals and plenipotentiaries. The master, just returned from the country (the son came in next day, and the wife, I think, the day after), hands me a letter with a very official-looking outside-aspect. It raises me in his opinion. I open it. It encloses another addressed to the Contre-Amiral, then acting as Préfet Maritime. I am in for it now. With this, and the one I have in my pocket, there is no decent loophole for retreat.

"At what o'clock is the table d'hôte dinner?"

"At six, monsieur."

At six I enter the dining-room. Nobody. Enter a waiter. "*Where* is the table d'hôte?"

"Here, monsieur."

"And the people who dine at it?"

"You, monsieur."

"Give me some dinner, then. Serve, at once, what you have readiest at hand."

As soon as he is gone, a passing traveller inquires in an under tone for news of "the lady." Nobody mentions cholera to ears polite. I could give no news. He tied his comforter round his neck, buttoned his paletot, and went to take the next train.

Next morning to business in right good earnest, but with a lingering wish to avoid the great people, if possible. Doing ante-chamber, running the gauntlet, and forcing one's way through porters, sentinels, gendarmes, door-openers, clerks, and the various safeguards with which authority is obliged to fence itself in, is distasteful to many besides myself. The feeling will be understood, and needs no explanation. I will first deliver my letter addressed to M. Margollé, an adjoint to the mayor, to be opened, in his absence, by his brother-in-law, M. Zurcher,

both men of letters, who write excellent books in collaboration.

I find the house with difficulty. My driver does not seem to know the town, and this is outside it. Is he one of the strangers arrived to replace the runaway population? M. Margollé is absent, M. Zurcher not. A tall handsome man, but evidently suffering from illness, receives me with kind and charming courtesy. He knows Fourrier and his story well, and has been instrumental in procuring the partial remission of his sentence. He himself has been tormented lately with neuralgic pains, but is better to-day. He will take me to the admiral and accompany me to the Bagne, calling for me at the hotel at two in the afternoon.

Charming! Capital! It rolls on castors. The thing is done. The influential and well-known Frenchman taking the Englishman under his wing, the latter will have only to walk over the course and fulfil his promise as easily as if it were a call on an ordinary acquaintance. Meanwhile, shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? I do take it.

Nevertheless, as two o'clock draws near, I begin to grow a little fidgety, and occupy a seat outside the hotel, awaiting my benevolent visitor. Soon after two, instead of M. Zurcher, an employé from the Mairie, in natty uniform, draws near; and, ascertaining who I am, delivers a letter. It was not exactly *that* which I wanted, although it is infinitely better than nothing. M. Zurcher writes that his pains have returned, and compel him to keep house; he encloses a letter to the commissaire of the Bagne. With that, and what I have besides, I shall make my way easily, he says.

Shall I? There is no help for it, if I shall not. To the admiral at once. I shall find him, they tell me, at the Majorité, or Etat-Major de la Marine. I do not find him. He is not there, but at the Préfecture. There, I am introduced into an ante-chamber occupied by an aide-de-camp and some naval officers pacing to and fro, as if they were on a quarter-deck. Great politeness. My letter is sent in, and before many minutes I am admitted to the presence.

"You are recommended by one of my oldest comrades," said the admiral, with unaffected good nature; "what can I do for you?"

I explain that I wish to see the interior of the Bagne, and especially to speak to the forçat Fourrier.

"Certainly." Addressing the aide-de-camp, "Write a request to the commissaire that Monsieur may see the Bagne and Fourrier. Only, you know, if he is under lock and key, he will not be visible to anybody."

The dungeons at the Bagne for refractory subjects (indociles) are said to be something terrible. It is stated that, if they were shown, their continuance would not be tolerated by public opinion. And yet there must be *some* means of preventing criminals from having their own way in further criminality. In any

case, neither those cells nor their occupants are open to public inspection.

"I do not think that probable," I interposed. "He has never incurred a single day's punishment."

"So much the better; you will be able to see him, then. I remember hearing him mentioned before. He seems to have friends who take interest in him."

At that moment, I noticed the direction of the admiral's eye. It glanced at the wound on my hat, which I had clean forgotten. Not being a diplomatist, I fear my face betrayed some slight symptom of mortification.

Smiling, he added that I was to take to the Etat-Major an order to visit the arsenal, which contains the Bagne within its walls. There, they would give me a "planton," or sailor attendant, to conduct me to the commissaire of the Bagne.

The audience is at an end. Thanks to the admiral's frank and simple manners, it has passed off much more agreeably than I anticipated. I retire with the aide-de-camp, who writes the necessary orders, and dismisses me with perfect courtesy. I go to the Majorité. They give me my planton, and we enter the gates of the arsenal together.

Within the arsenal is a busy scene, resembling other dockyards and arsenals, except for the presence of the forçats performing various slavish work. It is, after all, a cheerful spot to labour in. There are trees and water, air and sunshine, glimpses of the town through the arsenal gates, with the mountains beyond all towering in the distance. It is a labyrinth of long ranges of buildings and naval stores, through which a stranger trying to thread his way would find himself incessantly cut off by water. For necessary daily communication, there are slight wooden bridges and ferry-boats worked by forçats. But for the shame and the public exposure, I should say that a convict would greatly prefer this place to penitentiaries, or any other form of isolated confinement.

Nor do the forçats all look wretched. They crowd their carts over bridges with a run and a laugh. They wear their irons "with a difference." The ordinary set of culprits are riveted two and two, never separating, day nor night. "Eprouvés," tried, well-conducted prisoners, carry their irons singly, with no human clog attached to them. The costume is hideous: red cap, red vest, and trousers of a frightfully ugly yellow. Of the three primitive colours, yellow is the least pleasing to many eyes. Yellow flowers (except in species, as the rose, where that hue is a rarity) are less sought for, I think, than blue and red. But then also there are good yellows and bad yellows. The forçat's yellow has a bright, staring, glaring, vulgar tinge, which catches the eye like a sign-post or a personal deformity, and is suggestive of pestilence, poisonous plants, moral jaundice, and everything else that is corrupt and offensive. A prisoner, who,

like a bad shilling, comes back to the Bagne after being discharged, is distinguished by *one* yellow sleeve dishonourably contrasting with his red vest; after a second relapse, by *two*. It is rarely that a third arm is required to display a triple badge of disgrace. A green cap marks prisoners sentenced for life.

My planton is an active, obliging little fellow, sharp as a needle, and probably not deaf to the remarks of visitors. Anxious to do the honours of the place, he would show me the Taureau, submarine steam-ram, which is to rip open ships' bellies under water, as the rhinoceros disembowels his antagonists when he catches them on his nasal horn. A gang of *forçats* passes us, showing their naked heads in profile. What a lot to frighten a phrenologist! I had already noticed some not at all bad faces, but these heads present everything that is exaggerated and unbalanced in cranial form.

"Have you many educated persons here?" I ask.

"Plenty; bankers, advocates, huissiers, notaries, priests. At the bazaar, where things made by the *forçats* are sold for their benefit, you will find exceedingly well-mannered individuals."

"We must reserve that and other things for to-morrow."

I am naturally anxious to get at Fourrier, and give my companion a sketch of his story. He listens attentively. No harm will be done if he reports it.

There is no appearance of being so near a prison. Nothing announces the home of criminals, most of whom have lost all hope on earth. A high-arched wooden bridge is the isthmus which conducts from the arsenal to the peninsulas and the floating islands of punishment. The site of the locality, amidst blue waters and clear skies, would of itself give you any other idea than that of breathing an atmosphere of wickedness. So little has the Bagne the aspect of a prison, that you are inside it before you are aware. You simply behold buildings covering a large space of ground, widespread and rambling rather than lofty, with little to indicate their purpose.

The first step to be taken now, is to present myself to the commissaire and obtain his countenance. I am ushered to an upper room, where I find a gentleman in quiet but handsome uniform, behind a most business-looking library table. He receives me politely, but in the way in which you receive people when you have not the slightest idea what they are come about. He takes my letters, retires to the recess of a window to read them, and returns with an altered countenance and manner.

"You are quite *en règle*, monsieur," he cordially observes.

I bow, as in duty bound.

"Perfectly *en règle*. We will do what we can to comply with your wishes. Monsieur Asterisk, if you please!"

Monsieur Asterisk answers his superior's summons. He is a tall stout man, with a broad,

pale, colourless face, and a subdued expression of great intelligence.

"Monsieur is an Englishman," continues the commissaire, "well recommended, who desires to see the interior of the Bagne, and also to speak with No. —— let me see," referring to the letter, "with No. 9999. You will please give him a competent guide."

"Ah, No. 9999!" said M. Asterisk, raising his eyes to the ceiling to consult his memory. "No. 9999 is Fournier."

"Extraordinary!" observed the chief. "I have only to name a number, and you at once name the party belonging to it."

"After so many years of service, I have naturally acquired the faculty," M. Asterisk modestly replies. "The gentleman can easily see the Bagne and also speak with Fournier."

"His name is Fourrier," I interposed, "Pierre François; in the Salle des Incurables."

"The same. But, I beg pardon, he is Fourrier; has always been Fourrier at the Bagne."

With so important and well-memoried an official it was not worth disputing about a letter; so I acquiesced in his orthography, and prepared to take my leave.

"Tell Fournier to be in readiness. You can now visit all you require," said the commissaire, with a courteous smile. "Pray give my compliments to M. Zurcher. I shall be glad to hear of his better health."

Here let me, once for all, testify to the polite and obliging treatment which I met with from *every one* with whom I had to do at Toulon.

With an adjutant, therefore, added to my planton—quite a suite—I commence my round of inspection, which must be briefly described. A long room, lodging some two hundred convicts, but for its extreme cleanliness and one or two minor accessories, might be taken for a wild beasts' den. It is all bars, and bolts, and boards. Amongst those accessories are, at the further end, a crucifix, to remind the guilty in this world of the Saviour who died to redeem them in the next, and a letter-box; for the prisoners have free permission to write to their friends, subject, of course, to perusal before posting. Nor is reading forbidden, in some wards at least; Victor Hugo's "*Misérables*" having been listened to with great interest. The entrance door of this room is formed of iron bars, resembling an extra-strong park gate; so that even when shut everything that passes inside is visible to the guards without. The bed is a long wooden bench slightly raised at the head, whose surface is softened by a slight mattress for the *épreuvés* only. One blanket is the covering; but Toulon, be it remembered, is in the south. At the bed's head are placed the rations of black-brown bread allowed to each individual. All along the foot runs an iron bar, to which the chains are fastened when their wearers retire to rest.

There is a Salle des Blessés, a ward for the wounded—and how they get wounded is often known only to the *forçats* themselves. There is

a bath-room, a kitchen, and besides that a much larger and better kitchen for the hospital, where the cooking is superintended by worthy self-denying Sisters of Charity.

That door opposite leads out of the Salle des Incurables. Fourrier is coming out to meet us. Would I like to see the hospital first? It is only up this flight of steps. Certainly. Very well; he can wait a few minutes at the bottom. The pans I notice on the steps contain disinfectant substances; for "the malady" has not spared the Bagne. The hospital, roomy, airy, light, is the scene of neatness and cleanliness. Not a trace of offensive smell perceptible. True, the patients are not numerous. One, an Arab, sitting up in bed to eat some soup, has the eyes of a wild cat caught in a trap staring out of his fleshless face. The sheets are as white as you would wish for yourself; but there is still the chain fastening the sick man to his bed. It quits him only when he ceases to breathe.

Down-stairs again to find my man. That must be he, pale, thin, standing with his back to the wall, surrounded by a throng. There is quite a concourse of people of all sorts; other forçats, douaniers, employés, and I know not what, besides ourselves. Confidential talk is impossible, and I must shape the interview accordingly.

Some people have real faces, others have only facial masks; but it is not hard to distinguish which is a face and which is only a mask put on. The individual before me has a face; and on it is written unmistakably "Misfortune, when it cannot be got over, must be borne. I will go through with this, bearing it patiently, though sorrowfully." He trembles with emotion.

Another pair of eyes and ears afterwards informed me that, while I was in the hospital, the other forçats were at him with "Come, Fourrier, pack up your things! You are going away at last. Here is a great man come to let you out. Make up your bundle as fast as you can!" and such like teasing speeches.

"You are Fourrier?" I said.

"Yes, monsieur, I am."

"I should have known you from your likeness to your sister. When I left, she and your mother were well. They beg you to be patient for their sakes."

The poor man bowed his head.

"The mayor of your village instructs me to say that when you return you will be well received and find plenty of employment."

He looked up, touched by the assurance, but also, I fear, a little disappointed, having, probably, hoped for still better news. The curious group showed no signs of retiring, so I determined to make what use I could of their presence.

"And Maître Le Beau," I continued, raising my voice and looking round, "a distinguished advocate, who has carefully followed your case from the outset, is convinced of your innocence—that you did not commit the crime for which you are detained here."

Sensation amongst the bystanders.

"I never did any harm to any one," was all he answered, in a low, clear voice.

"Have you anything to say to me before I leave?"

"Nothing, monsieur."

"I shall see your mother and your sister on my return. Have you anything you wish me to say to them?"

"Nothing, monsieur."

"Good-bye, then, till we meet again."

I subsequently learned, through a letter to my friend, that he had a deal to say, but refrained from saying it for fear of the surveillance of spies and informers. Possibly, at the Bagne, the slightest whisper is re-echoed to a distance with the loudness of a speaking-trumpet.

When about to retire, I remember the sister's request to pass on to the brother her shake of the hand. Impossible. I could not, for the life of me, do it. His innocence had not yet been officially acknowledged. And, if I had, it might have done more harm than good. Suspicion there is easily excited. I had permission to speak to, but not to convey *anything* to him. There had been an attempt to escape that very morning. Had I not seen a guardian examine the straw at the bottom of a forçat's wooden shoe, as he returned from work? So I cast a last look at the pale-faced man, and leave the lookers-on to make their comments and guesses.

"Is there anything more you wish to see?" the adjutant obligingly inquires.

"I thank you, no; no more to-day." So I slowly make my way out of the Bagne, and relieve my chest with a long, long breath.

P.S. A petition has since been sent to the minister that Fourrier should be medically examined and his condition reported on. He has been examined, and, according to the report, he is a walking complication of disease, a phenomenon of morbid affections. One would say the only wonder is how a creature so afflicted can continue to live. His vital spark must be unusually hard to extinguish. He would be worth engagement by a medical lecturer as an encyclopedic illustration of human complaints.

But is such an invalid worth keeping in prison? No. All he is good for is to consume wholesome food, puzzle the doctors, and give worthy jailers the trouble of locking him up. He is just as well outside as in-doors. You may as well let him go for a poor broken-down good-for-nothing encumbrance. Such is the train of reasoning which would seem to be implied by the petition and the consequent report.

Second P.S. Returned some weeks from my travels, I hear a rattling knock at my door; not at all like a French knock (though it is one), but a triumphant imitation of an English rat-tat-too. I peep out of window, like Shakespeare's apothecary, to put the question, "Who knocks so loud?" Behold! It is No. 9999, loose, free, at large, come to return my visit, and

conducted hither by my friend the avocat. We last met on the shore of the Mediterranean, and here he is within sight of the English Channel. He has been "gracié," pardoned by the Emperor. But, that the sacredness of a sentence once pronounced may suffer no diminution of prestige, he is at liberty under the surveillance of the police. A residence is assigned to him—the very place where he wishes to dwell. I wonder how he contrives to walk without irons after having worn them for two-and-twenty years; and I must ask him how he liked his first night in a bed between a pair of sheets.

Third P.S. This is a true story, and not a subtle fiction of the brain. Strange as it may seem, 9999 is the actual number the convict bore, and not another form of \* \* \* \*. He is living happily, in the solid flesh, and not in your imagination merely, with a real mother and a real sister, whose real children, whom he had never seen, are now the objects of his affection.

#### CHESTERFIELD JUNIOR. A SON'S ADVICE TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER. I have just had news of you from my friend Captain Newmarch who met you at Weirsley, where he has been on a visit. He reports you to be in good health and spirits, at which I am much gratified. Long may you enjoy both! From my friend's account, I fancy you must have gained a little flesh lately. This, however, I should be sorry to believe. It is in my opinion very unbecoming at your time of life. An elderly gentleman should be thin—pale and thin. I entreat you, therefore, to take whatever steps are necessary to repress even the slightest tendency to embonpoint. I asked Newmarch if he had observed what kind of diet you appeared to favour; but in this he was at fault. I would, however, suggest the use of biscuits at dinner instead of bread, and an abstinence from pastry, sugar, and, indeed, everything sweet. I beg that you will bear in mind what I say on this subject. It would be infinitely distressing to me if you were to become fat and plethoric.

Being, as you know, extremely anxious about you, and particularly desirous to ascertain whether you have profited by the advice which I have recently sent you, I naturally questioned Captain Newmarch pretty closely about your manners, your social habits, how you conducted yourself in your intercourse with the different guests with whom you were daily brought in contact at Weirsley, and so on. The captain's account gave me *at first* considerable satisfaction. He said that on two occasions you had contradicted statements which were made at the dinner-table; that on another occasion you had turned your back upon a particular member of the company; and that you had once actually allowed a lady to cross the room and ring the

bell for something that she wanted. But the additional particulars with which Captain Newmarch subsequently furnished me spoilt all my enjoyment. He tells me, in the first place, that you actually apologised to both the individuals whom you had contradicted, begging them to pardon your "apparent rudeness," and so losing all that you had gained in having put them down, instead of pushing your advantage to the utmost, according to my precepts. Then he says that the person on whom you turned the cold shoulder, and who I naturally supposed was some utter barbarian and snob, was no other than Sir Courtney Raffe, one of the best-known and most sought-after men about town. Newmarch says that you told him Raffe was a scoundrel; that you never would forgive him his conduct to Lizzie Beauchamp; and that you always made a point of showing your contempt for him. Now, sir, Courtney Raffe certainly did not behave very well in that affair of Miss Beauchamp, or in one or two others that one knows about; still you must bear in mind that it really is not your business, and that for you to go about the world taking up the cause of distressed damsels, especially in the case of a man like Sir Courtney Raffe, is quixotic and injudicious, highly injurious. Sir Courtney Raffe is in society.

As to the last indication of a change wrought upon you by my advice—allowing a lady on a certain occasion to cross the room and ring the bell—I find, on inquiry, that it simply indicated nothing, as Newmarch tells me that you were asleep at the time. I had hoped that this infraction of the laws of politeness was an indication of some slight decline of that excess of deference which you have been in the habit of manifesting towards the other sex, but of course, as you were asleep at the moment, it indicates nothing.

Oh, and by-the-by, while I think of it, Newmarch says that you continue to pronounce the "u" in the word "put," as in "but;" and also that you still say "bleegeed" instead of "obliged." Will you have the kindness to correct that at once?

You have too much good sense, sir—it is one of your strong points—to suppose for a moment that my friend Captain Newmarch has been set as a spy over your words and actions by your affectionate son. That has not been the case by any means; yet I confess I have been glad of the chance which has brought my intimate friend into such close contact with you at the moment when I am endeavouring to form your character, and adapt it to the exigencies of the day. I own that, upon the whole, I am a little disengaged by his report. At your time of life it is not easy to form new habits or new opinions. My task is a more arduous one than that of our august namesake; yet he, to judge from his celebrated "Letters," found many difficulties in his way likewise, and was often disheartened too.

In endeavouring to "form" you for the social

life of the day, my exertions have hitherto been chiefly directed to the suppression of that fatal politeness and urbanity which every one must observe to be developed in your character in an excessive degree. I have tried hard to show you that, unless these qualities be suppressed, you will never make any great advance in the world, for the simple reason that no one will be afraid of you. On this point I have insisted strongly, and, for the present, sufficiently. Let us turn to something else.

Captain Newmarch tells me that, on more than one occasion during your stay at Weirsley, he has heard you speak with enthusiasm. I hope from the bottom of my reason—I was going to say heart—but what *has* a collection of blood-vessels to do with one's convictions?—I hope, I say, that this is not true. Yet Newmarch's evidence is clear and convincing. He says that, on a certain day at dinner-time, some person in company—a very young man, I believe—happened to speak in a disparaging tone of Sir Walter Scott's novels, said they were tedious, that the descriptions were long-winded, the dialogues interminable, the historical digressions insufferable; that, in short, he could not read those works, and that this was not only his own case, but the case of the greater part of his acquaintance; upon which it appears that you started forward and entered into a warm and almost violent defence of the works in question, using very strong expressions, and displaying, I am afraid, some degree of excitement. You appear to have stated that Sir Walter Scott was the Shakespeare of fiction. This may be the case. I cannot say myself, not being well acquainted with the works of either of these authors. You appear to have added that his knowledge of human nature, his power of developing character, of telling a story, of interesting and charming his readers, and of winning a kind of personal affection from them, were as far beyond all praise as his reputation and fame were beyond the reach of modern criticism, and the cold-blooded censure of those who could neither understand nor feel.

Now really this is a pity, you know. It is a pity that you should run the risk of losing credit for the fine natural qualities you possess, by using what I cannot but call intemperate language about what is, after all, only a matter of opinion. It seems to me that you have erred in more ways than one in thus "flaring up"—if you will pardon the expression—about Sir Walter Scott. In the first place, you *have* flared up, and this is never done now in society. It is an entirely obsolete practice. It is pretty generally admitted in these days that there is nothing worth flaring up about; besides, it is decidedly not good *ton*. It won't do. If you flare up in society, you get stared at. You must have remarked how very unusual it is, now, for any one to show temper when arguing, or, indeed, under any circumstances whatsoever. Warmth on any subject has become unfashionable. It is possible that a man

may still show temper when he is quite alone, when he makes a blot upon an important letter which there is no time to re-write, when he drops his slippers into his bath, or cuts himself in shaving; but in the world he is calm, and his temper must not be ruffled.

Over and above, you take the position of asserting that right is right, and wrong is wrong, and that a thing must be either right or wrong. Not at all. This is a period of modifications and compromises. Everybody is right, and everybody is wrong, dear sir, a little.

But the worst feature of all, in connexion with this unhappy business, is, that you have, I very much fear, been betrayed into a display of enthusiasm. Oh, my dear but misguided parent, let me entreat you to beware of enthusiasm. There is nothing so little valued among us in the present day. The world has found out that it is a quality not adapted to the period. There is nothing to be done now but by coolness; no movement to be made but by calm and well-considered steps. Look at the world of politics and see how the enthusiast is laughed at, and how his calm and phlegmatic opponent parries his thrusts and conquers. The rash and impassioned man bruises himself in vain against the rocks, whilst the negative man waits, keeps quiet, is slow to act, and, in the end, triumphs. Never act or speak, my dear sir, under the influence of feeling, nor even of righteous indignation. Whenever you find yourself about to speak strongly—don't. Indeed, upon the whole, I think that word "don't" might be worn with advantage as a motto on your shield.

To sum up. After you have duly received and studied this letter I shall expect you, dear sir, to be fully prepared for any social emergency. If you hear your once most cherished principles attacked, your dearest friend denounced as a malefactor, your favourite author, your most cherished artist, your trusted medical adviser, set down as worthless, be perfectly calm and unmoved.

One word more, before I conclude this letter. I wish to refer to a little matter, apparently unimportant, but not really so, to which my attention has been called by Newmarch. Newmarch—I hope you liked Newmarch, he is an excellent specimen of a man of the time—told me that one day, when your old friend Colonel Stopper made one of the company at Weirsley, at a certain moment, when dinner was nearly over, you, being at the time in an especially gay and cheery mood—a dangerous state in itself—did suddenly, and moved by no apparent cause, address Colonel Stopper in these words: "A glass of wine, old boy!" bestowing on him a look of benevolence as you spoke. It appears further, that you then directed the servant who stood behind you, to fill your glass, and subsequently to perform the same office for the colonel, and that you then nodded familiarly to your friend, that your friend nodded familiarly to you, and that you both drank off the wine contained

in your respective glasses with an appearance of satisfaction and contentment.

Now, sir, I confess that, to me, who have never seen anything of this kind done, this statement of my friend did, at first, suggest some sort of hallucination on his part. On subsequent inquiry, however, I have discovered that this (shall I say barbarous?) ceremony was formerly common when people met together for convivial purposes, and that it was called "taking wine together."

So, my poor father, you and the colonel—who, by-the-by, is always leading you astray—have revived an obsolete practice before a large company of persons essentially modern, and in one of the most fashionable houses in England! Truly, I am ashamed. I know not what to say. But for the mere accident that Captain Newmarch happened to be present, and to have his eye upon you, you might have gone on unchecked "taking wine" with all your old friends to the end of the chapter.

Excuse me, I must leave off. I am so shocked and demoralised, that I can write no more until I have had time to recover myself a little.

Your injured but affectionate Son,  
PHILIP CHESTERFIELD, JUNIOR.

#### A COURT-YARD IN HAVANA.

I LEFT my unworthy self and worthier friends and my trunks, so far as I can recollect, just discharged from a bullock-dray at the Fonda called El Globo, in the Calle del Obespo—let us say Bishopsgate-street—Havana. Something like four months have elapsed since I found that anchorage, and, glad enough to be in any soundings, ordered breakfast. El Globo—not that Cuban inn, but the real rotund habitable globe—has gone round in the maddest of gyrations since I began to talk of the Humours of Havana. I have been much tossed about, and am brought very low. It was at Berlin, in a house overlooking the bridge which has the statues of Peace and Plenty, and over against the great gilded dome of that Schloss which the Kings of Prussia find so gloomy that they are afraid to live in it, and have fled to a pleasant modern palace under the Linden—it was there, beneath the darkling shadow of the Prussian Eagle's wings, that I penned the last paragraph of my last paper about the Queen of the Antilles. Then the world began to roll, and the tectotum to spin again. Just as I was stepping into a train bound for St. Petersburg, a civil person in uniform put into my hand a telegram containing these simple words: "Please go to Madrid. There is a revolution in Spain." The next night I was in Cologne; the morning after I was in Paris; at night I supped at Dijon; next morning I breakfasted at Bordeaux, and lunched at Irún; late in the evening a voice cried "Valladolid," and I had some chocolate; and the next day, the fourth,

being Sunday, I got to Madrid, and (it being a great saint's day) was just in time to take a ticket in a raffle for Saint Anthony's pig—el santo credo, as they call him. I must tell you about that pig, some day.

I put it to you, most forbearing of readers, how could I, being for the first time in my life in old Spain, take up at once the thread of my reminiscences of Spain the new? Had I striven to do so, the result would have been but a sadly tangled skein. Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike, I grant; the mafiana-tree is as sedulously cultivated in the Spanish colonies as in the Peninsula itself; but just ask a dog-fancier whether there are not marked differences between those twin pugs, Pompey and Cæsar, who to the vulgar appear, from the smallest spiral of their tails to the minutest crinkles in their coffee-coloured skins, to be identical. He will tell you that there are a thousand. Knowing this, I shrank, while I was on the thither side of the Pyrenees, and occupied in studying Cæsar, from saying anything more, just then, concerning Pompey. I feared, by blending, to spoil the portraits of both. My conscience pricked me sometimes, I admit. Once I had a most dolorous twinge; it was in an old library at Seville, and turning over a vellum-bound volume—Marco Polo's Travels, I think—I came upon some marginal notes, written in Latin, and in a bold, honest hand. The old canon, who was my guide, reverently doffed his shovel-hat when the page full of marginal notes lay bare. "They are worth ten thousand reals a letter," quoth Don Basilio. "Ten thousand! they are priceless. They are by the great admiral." Yes, these were annotations to Marco Polo by Christopher Columbus. Of the authenticity of the autograph there was no doubt. The old library I speak of belonged to the admiral's son, a learned, valorous, virtuous man, like his sire, and to the chapter of Seville cathedral he bequeathed all his books. I say my conscience smote me. How had I lingered over the humours of that Havana which Columbus discovered! There is a picture of the admiral hung up in the library; a picture painted by a Frenchman, and presented to the chapter by Louis Philippe, in exchange for a choice Murillo. Out of the canvas the mild eyes seemed to look on me reproachfully. I fancied the grave, resolute lips moving, and that their speech ran: "What are you doing here? Why don't you go back to Havana?" But it was no fault of mine. I was a teetotum; and to wheel about and turn about was my doom.

Coming out of that strange and fascinating land—the most comfortless and the most charming in the world—I sat down one day in the Frezzaria at Venice, and said; "I really must go back to Havana." So, taking hold of old Spain, I cut its throat, and tied a Chubb's patent fireproof safe to its neck, and a couple of fifty-six pound shot to its legs, and, towing the corse out to the Lido, sank it just under the lee of the Armenian convent of San Lazaro. It fell with a splash, and sank at once. "Back to St.

Mark's," I cried to the gondolier; "and lie there, old Spain," I continued, apostrophising two or three ripples which played above the deed that I had done, as though murder were a thing to laugh at—"lie there; and the fishes may feed on you till I need your bones, and dredge you up again." Old bones have their uses. Professor Liebig once stated that all Europe was ransacked to supply England with bones. I have marked the spot where my skeleton lies, full fathom five.

But I could not, somehow, go back to Havana. Cuba was coy. She floated in the air; she danced; she smiled at me, but she would not be embraced. Like unto those strange apparitions which mock the shepherd's sight on the Westmoreland fells, now seeming as the form of one that spurs his steed midway along a hill, desperate, now merging into a gorgeous train of cavaliers, with glittering armour and waving standards, and now fading into vaporous nothingness, I could see, remote, intangible, the phantom of the Antilles; the burnished sun, the coral glowing beneath the dark blue water; the smooth black sharks waiting about the bathing-places, and raging at the walls of plants; the waving palms, the sanguinolent bananas, the orange and pine-apple groves of the rich island. But she would not approach me then. You cannot always make of your mind an indexed ledger which you can open at will, and, under the proper letter, at the proper page, and in the proper column, find the matter you want, set down with clerk-like accuracy, underruled with red, and ticked off with blue ink. There are seasons when you mislay the key of the ledger, or find the leaves blotted, the index blurred, the entries effaced. Sometimes the firm your transactions with which you are desirous of recalling has gone bankrupt, and the accounts are being unravelled by Messrs. Coleman, Turquand, and Young. Cuba, in short, would not come at call, and it was not until I embarked on the Adriatic, and went over to Trieste, whence, as you know, there are steamers starting continually for all parts of the world, that I began to feel a little tropical again, and find my memory.

The sea air did me good, and once more I began to remember ocean voyages and hot climes. But out upon that capricious memory and the skittish tricks it served me! Like Leigh Hunt's pig, it went down "all manner of streets," always excepting the very one I wished it to enter. "Softly now, old girl!" I whispered coaxingly, and strove to tickle it towards the Morro Castle. Would you believe it, the vicious jade bolted right across the Mediterranean Sea, into the port of Algiers, and took me to a cock-fight. "Soho!" I said again, still trying soothing measures; "this way, Memory, a little to the left; now to the right; now straight on, and hey for the Gulf of Mexico!" Alas! when I had got Memory in mid-Atlantic, she turned to the north instead of the south, bore me up the River St. Lawrence, and cast me on the stony marge of Cuagnawaga. By dint of

herculean efforts I got the brute back to Vienna, in Austria; and, as luck would have it, hearing that a contingent of Austrian volunteers, bound to Mexico, was about to set sail, I hurried my Memory down to the coast, intending to leave her at Havana en route for Vera Cruz. At the eleventh hour a sharp note from Mr. Seward to Mr. Motley put a stop to the embarkation of the contingent destined to help Maximilian, the imperial gentleman in difficulties; but my Memory managed to get on board a transport in despite of the American taboo; and after one of the shortest passages on record, brought up safely in the Fonda called El Globo, Bishopsgate-street, Havana.

They gave us a double-bedded room. Double-bedded! The apartment itself would have afforded ample quarters to five-and-twenty dragoons, horses, forage and all. It was very like a barn, and had an open timber roof, very massive, but very primitive in its framework. The beams, it is true, were of cedar, and smelt deliciously. I had no means of ascertaining the peculiar hue of the walls or of the floor, for beyond a narrow parallelogram of sunshine thrown on the latter, when the doors were open, the apartment was quite dark. It was one of a series surrounding the patio, or court-yard; and the Cuban architects hold that windows in rooms which do not look upon the street are mere superfluities. Their constant care, indeed, is not to let the daylight in, but to keep the sun out. The consequence is, that a room in a Cuban house is very like a photographic camera on a large scale. Magnify by twenty the pretty fresco-painted little dens which open out of the court-yard in the Pompeian house at the Crystal Palace, and you will have some idea of our double-bedded room at El Globo. By-the-by, you must forget to sweep it, and you must be rather liberal in your allowance of fleas. What matter? I dare say there were fleas in the house of the Tragic Poet, notwithstanding all the fine frescoes, and that the Pompeian housemaids were none too tidy.

I was told afterwards that I might consider myself very lucky not to find in this double-bedded room such additional trifles as a cow in one corner and a wheeled carriage in another. Spaniards, old or new, are but faintly averse from making a sleeping apartment of a stable or a coach-house. I was slow to believe this; and it was only lately, after some wayside experiences in Andalusia, and having shared a room with a pedlar's donkey, and being awakened in the morning by the hard, dry, sardonic see-saw of his horrible bray, that I realised to the fullest extent the strangeness of the bedfellows with which misery and the teetotum existence make us acquainted.

Of the altitude of the folding-doors leading into this cave there was no complaint possible. I came to the conclusion that El Globo had formerly been a menagerie, and our room the private apartment of the giraffe, who, it is well known, is a very proud animal, and will never submit to the humiliation of stooping. The

tallness of the doors, however, was balanced by the shortness of the beds. My companion was a long way over six feet in height, and the ghost of the celebrated Procrustes might have eyed him as his very long limbs lay on that very short pallet, and longed to reform his tailor's bills by snipping off some superfluous inches of his anatomy. As to *my* bed, it was as the couch of Dryden's Codrus—short, and hard, and miserable; the poet's bed, in fact, and a fit preparation for the flagstone, and the kennel, and the grave.

But the Procrustean eye couldn't have seen that long-limbed captain overhanging the short bed. Why? Because, when the folding-doors were shut, all, save a bright streak of sun or moonlight at their base, was utter darkness, and as soon as we kindled our wax tapers at night the gnats or the moths, the bats or the scorpions, came and flapped them out. I don't know how the Cuban belles contrive to get through their toilettes. I think they must hang up screens of shawls in the patios, and come out into the open to beautify themselves. A Cuban bedroom is not a place whither you can retire to read or write letters. You may just stumble into it, feel your way to the bed, and, throwing yourself down, sleep as well as you can for the mosquitoes. Besides, the best part of your sleeping is done in Cuba out of your bedroom—in a hammock slung between the posts of a piazza, or on a mattress flung down anywhere in the shade, or in anybody's arm-chair, or in the dark corner of any café, or anywhere else where the sun is not, and you feel drowsy. In Algiers, the top of the house, with a sheet spread between two poles by way of awning, is still the favourite spot for an afternoon nap, as it was in the time of the Hebrew man of old; but in Havana the house-tops slant, and are tiled, and so are left to their legitimate occupants, the cats.

Our folding-doors proved but a feeble barrier against the onslaughts of a horse belonging to the proprietor of El Globo, and whose proper stabling was in a cool grot, with a vaulted roof, a kind of compromise between an ice-house, a coal-hole, and a wine-cellars. This noble animal, seemingly under the impression that he lived at number five—our number—made such terrific play with his hoofs against our portals on the first night of our stay, that, remonstrating, we were promoted to a room up-stairs, windowless, of course, but the door of which opened on the covered gallery surrounding the patio. This dwelling, likewise, had the great advantage of not being plunged in Cimmerian darkness directly the door was closed, for it boasted a kind of hutch, or Judas-trap, in one of the panels, after the fashion of the apertures in the doors of police-cells, through which cautious inspectors periodically peep, to make sure that female disorderlies have not strangled themselves in their garters. You might look from this hutch, too, if you chose, and present to the outside spectator the counterpart of the infuriated old gentleman, presumably of usurous tendencies,

in Rembrandt's picture, who thrusts his head through the casement, and grins at and exchanges glances with the young cavalier who has called to mention that he is unable to take up the bill.

Never, in the course of my travels, did I light upon such a droll hotel as El Globo. You paid about thirty shillings a day for accommodation which would have been dear at half-a-crown, but the balance was amply made up to you in fun. I had been living for months at the Bevoort House in New York, the most luxurious hotel, perhaps, in the world, and the change to almost complete barbarism was as amusing as it was wholesome. Amusing, for long-continued luxury is apt to become a very great bore—wholesome, because the discomfort of the Cuban hotels forms, after all, only an intermediate stage between the splendour of the States and the unmitigated savagery of Mexico and Spain. I was fated to go further and fare worse than at El Globo. Our quarters there were slightly inferior to those to be found for fourpence in a lodging-house in St. Giles's; but I was destined to make subsequent acquaintance at Cordova, at Orizaba, at Puebla in America, and in Castile and in Andalusia in Europe, with other pigsties to which that Havana was palatial.

I am so glad that there was no room at Madame Alme's, and that we did not try Legrand's. I should have missed the sight of that patio at El Globo. It was open to the sky, of course; that is to say, the four white walls were canopied all day long by one patch of blazing ultramarine. A cloud was so rare, that when one came sailing over the expanse of blue, a sportsman might have taken it for a bird and had a shot at it. I used often to think, leaning over the balusters of the gallery, how intolerable that bright blue patch would become at last to a man cooped up between the four white walls of a southern prison; for suffering may be of all degrees, and anguish bear all aspects. There is a cold hell as well as a hot one. I have seen the horrible coop under the leads of the Doge's palace at Venice, in which Silvio Pellico spent so many weary months. But he, at least, could see the roofs of the houses through his dungeon bars, and hear the gondoliers wrangling and jesting between the pillars, or uttering their weird cries of warning as they turned the corners of the canals. He could hear the plashing of the water as the buckets were let down into the wells in the court-yard by the Giant's Staircase, and sometimes, perhaps, a few of the historical pigeons would come wheeling up from the cornices of the Procuratie Vecchie, and look at him in his cell pityingly. But only to gaze on four white burning walls, and a great patch of ultramarine, and the chains eating into your limbs all the while! Think of that. How the captive must long for the sky to be overcast, or for rain to fall—and it falls but once a year; and what a shriek of joy would come out of him were he to see, high aloft in the ultramarine, a real live

balloon! Such burning white walls, such an intolerable patch of intense blue, must a prisoner by name Poerio have seen in Naples, in the old bad Bourbon time.

There was nothing prison-like about our patio, however. It was as full of life as our bedrooms were full of fleas. The oddest courtyard!—the most antique—the most grotesque. I used to liken it to that pound into which Captain Boldwig's keepers wheeled Mr. Pickwick while he got into that sweet slumber produced by too much milk-punch. It was strewn with all manner of vegetable and pomicultural refuse, great leaves of plantains, cocoa-nut shells, decayed pine-apples, exhausted melons, and husks of Indian corn. Havana is a great place for oysters, and the four corners of the pound were heaped high with votive offerings of ostracism. Nor to the pound was there wanting the traditional donkey. He would come strolling in three or four times a day, either bearing a pile of Indian corn about the size of an average haystack on his back, or with panniers full of oranges slung on either side of him. Occasionally a Pepo or a José, or some other criador, would come to unload him. Oftener he would unload himself, by rolling over on the ground, and tumbling his oranges about in all directions; then a fat negress would emerge from the kitchen and belabour him about the head with a ladle; then he would slink away to the cool grot where the horse lived, to confer with that animal as to any provender there might be about, and compare notes with him as to the growing depravity of mankind in general and Cuban costermongers in particular. By this time his master would arrive with a sharp stick, or else the big bloodhound that lived in an empty sugar-cask, and so zealously licked all the plates and dishes either immediately before or immediately after they came from the table—I am not certain which—would become alive to the fact of there being a donkey in the camp, and run him out incontinent.

How they managed to get rid of all those oranges I really do not know. I had a dozen or so brought me whenever I felt thirsty, and I dare say the other guests at El Globo were as often thirsty and as fond of oranges as I; and there were a good many, too, cut up in the course of the day for the purpose of making sangaree and orange-toddy; but even after these draughts the residue must have been enormous. You were never charged for oranges in the bill. They were as plentiful as acoras in a forest, and you might browse on them at will. In the streets, at every corner and under every archway, sits a negress who sells oranges, so they must have some monetary value, however infinitesimal; but if you bestow on her the smallest coin recognised by the Cuban currency you may fill your hands, your pockets, and your hat too, if you choose, with the golden fruit. When the Cuban goes to the bull-fight, he takes with him a mighty store of oranges tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, just as we, when boys, used to buy a pound of gingerbread-nuts, more as a

precautionary measure than because we were sweet-toothed, on entering the confines of Greenwich Fair. Some of these oranges the amateur of the bull-fight eats; but the major part he uses as missiles, and pitches into the ring, at a cowardly bull or clumsy torreadores. There is positively a verb in the Spanish dictionary signifying to pelt with oranges.

I mentioned the existence of a kitchen just now. It was a hot and grimy den, not much bigger than the stove-hole of a locomotive; and there was a charcoal stove there, I presume; but the real culinary business was done in the patio. As to go forth during the noonday or afternoon heats is considered next door to raving madness; and as you necessarily spend much time within doors; and as you feel too lazy to read, or write, or paint, or sew—what a blessing sewing-machines must be in Cuba: before their introduction most of the needlework was done by Coolies—and as you cannot be always smoking, or dozing, or sipping sangaree; and as billiards are out of the question, and as gambling—the real recreation in all tropical climes—is immoral, there are certain hours in the day when time is apt to hang heavy on your hands, and you don't know what the deuce to do with yourself. An infallible pastime to me was to lean over the gallery and watch the dinner being cooked in the patio. It has been said that a wise man should never enter his wife's dressing-room, and it has been likewise remarked that if we entered the kitchen of the Trois Frères half an hour before dinner, we should see such sickening sights as would cause us to lose all our appetite for the banquet served in the cabinet particulier up-stairs. We must look at results, says the sage, and not at the means employed to bring them about. But these sententious caveats should not apply, I think, to the cooking that is done in a patio—in the open, and under the glorious sunshine. There was a rollicking, zingaro-like freedom in thus seeing your meals prepared in broad daylight. Why did they cook in the courtyard? Because the kitchen itself was too small, or because the gay sun came to the assistance of the charcoal embers and did half the cooking himself. I was told lately, and gravely, too, at Seville—that the tale may be very likely one of the nature ordinarily told to travellers—that on the fourteenth day of July in every year there takes place in la Ciudad de las Maravillas an ancient and solemn ceremony in honour of Apollo—a kind of sun-worship, as it were: a culinary person, white-aproned and white-nightcapped, sets up a stall in La Plaza de la Magdalena, and produces a frying-pan, a cruse of oil, and a basket of eggs. Two of the eggs he breaks; sluices their golden yolks with oil, and then with an invocation to the sun-god, holds the pan towards the meridian blaze. In forty-five seconds the eggs are fried. You must take these eggs and the story too with a grain of salt; but I can only repeat that Seville is a city of wonders, witness the two angelic sisters who, no later than the year 1848, sat on the weathercock of the Giralda, and spinning round

and round while Espartero was bombarding the city, warded off the iron storm from the sacred fane.

Now, the sun of Andalusia, though a scorcher when considered from a European point of view, is a mere refrigerator when compared with the great fiery furnace set up within the domains of the Southern Cross. I am not prepared to deny that the preparation of some of the stews we had for dinner might have been accelerated by the monstrous kitchen-range overhead; but I shrink from asserting as a positive fact that the old negress, who used to belabour the donkey with the ladle, fried her eggs in the sun. No, I will grant at once that her pots and pans were set upon little braziers full of hot ashes; but still, without the sun, I don't think her viands would have been cooked to her or our liking. She evidently gloried in the sun, and frizzled in it, bareheaded, while her eggs and sausages frizzled in their own persons. Not till her work was done would she bind her temples with the yellow bandana, or the gorgeous turban of flamingo hue, and, sitting down in a rocking-chair, fan herself with a dignified air, as though she were the Queen of Spain and had no legs. The oscillations of the chair, however, proved the contrary. She had legs which Mr. Daniel Lambert might have beheld, not unenvious. Good old black cook! She was like Sterne's foolish fat scullion dipped in a vat of Brunswick Black. She was gross and oily, and showed a terrible temper, especially towards troublesome piccaninny and refractory fowls who showed an ungrateful unreadiness in being caught and strangled and plucked, and trussed and broiled, and served hot with mushrooms, all under half an hour's time; but, her little irritation once over, she was—until a roving donkey called for the ministrations of the ladle—all grins and chuckles and broad guffaws and humorous sayings. She would sing a fragment of a song, too, from time to time—a wild song of Congo sound, and which needed the accompaniment of a banjo. The refrain had some resemblance to the word ipecacuanha pronounced very rapidly and with a strong guttural accent, and yet I dare say it was all about love, and the home of her youth on the burning banks of Niger.

Where did all those piccaninny come from? Who owned them? The landlord of El Globo was a bachelor; the waiters did not look like married men; and yet, from the youthful brood strewn about the patio, you might have fancied Brigham Young to be the proprietor of the place. "Strewn about" is the only term to use with reference to the piccaninny. Their age averaged between twenty and thirty months. Nobody nursed them; they were too small to stand, and so they sprawled, and crawled, and wriggled, and lay, and squalled, and kicked, and basked in the sun like little guinea-pigs. I have seen a piccaninny in a dish; I have seen a pic-

caninny in a wooden tray, like a leg of pork just delivered by the butcher. They were of all colours—blue-black, brown-black, chocolate, bistu, burnt sienna, raw sienna, cadmium yellow, and pale creole white. I am afraid all these piccaninny, save those of the last-named hue, were slaves, and the children of slaves. Not one of the least suggestive—to some it may be one of the most painful—features of bondage is that free white and black slave children grow up together in perfect amity and familiarity, are playmates, and foster-brothers and sisters. The great social gulf which is to yawn between them—so fair and jewelled with flowers on one side, so dark and hideous on the other—is in infancy quite bridged over. The black piccaninny sprawl about the verandahs, and the court-yards, and the thresholds of the rooms of their owners, and the white piccaninny sprawl in precisely the same manner. That fat old cook, for instance, made no more distinction between a white and a black urchin than between a black and a white fowl. Before ever she could address herself to the concoction of a dish, two ceremonies were gone through. A piccaninny had to be fed, and another piccaninny had to be spanked. For the purpose of feeding, that invaluable ladle, dipped in a bowl of saffron porridge, came into play; the spanking was done with her broad black hand. She was quite impartial, and distributed the spanks and the spoonfuls in strict accordance with the maxims of equity. Thus, if a piccaninny yelped, it was fed; but if it yelped after it was fed, it was spanked. And subsequent to both spooning and spanking, the fat old cook would catch the child up in her arms and sing to it a snatch of the famous song that ended with ipecacuanha.

So have I seen many dinners cooked. So I have seen my made-dish running about the patio with flapping wings and dismal "grooping" noise, to be at last caught and sacrificed to the culinary deities, and to appear at the evening meal, grilled, with rich brown sauce. And so at last the drama of the day would be played out; and coming home late, and leaning once more over the rails of the gallery, I would gaze then on the patio all flooded in moonlight of emerald green: pots and pans and plates and crates and baskets and braziers and vegetable rubbish, all glinting and glancing as though some fairy property-man had tipped their edges with the green foil-paper of the playhouse.

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